THE MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

THE

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OF

HUMAN LIFE:

AN OLD FRIEND IN A NEW DRESS.

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PREFACE.

We must apologize to true lovers of antiquity for certain changes which we have thought it expedient to make, in this time-honored schedule of the minor miseries that fastidious flesh is heir to, in this dislocated world of ours. The great troubles are perennial, as they are universal. The alternation of smiles and tears in human life, is as constant and as decided as the general division of the earth's surface into land and water.; but the fluctuation of the self-inflicted or factitious miseries occasioned by changes of fashion and growth of luxury, is like that produced by the partial wearing away of rocky shores, or the gradual retrocession of the ocean. A gallant of Elizabeth's time *might* have complained, if the rushes that strewed the floor of the banqueting-hall, were so much loaded with bones, and other remnants of the feast, that he could not approach his ladye-love, as she sat on the dais, without total sacrifice of grace and dignity ; but would he have thought it necessary, like a beau of the present day, that the soft carpet of winter, with its splendors of flower

and leaf, should in summer give place to a smooth Indian matting, for the sake of coolness to his tender foot, and his still more susceptible imagination? If Messieurs Testy and Sensitive had undertaken to record their private personal sufferings, three hundred years ago, the recital would not have elicited a single groan of sympathy from any of us, any more than the lamentations of an Esquimaux over a deficiency of train oil, or the pettish exclamations of a Hottentot belle, against the butcher who has failed to supply her in time with the peculiar substances essential to her idea of an elegant *toilette*.

Books like this are, in fact, unconscious chroniclers of the progress of common things; truer and more available, perhaps, than intentional records. We get information about dress, customs, and the condition of the social arts in Charles II.'s time, from Pepys's diary and such like prattle, that no writer, grave enough to sit down with the intent to give us information, would have thought worth transmitting. In truth, much of the spirit of a picture lies in the accessories. But we consider that the "Miseries of Human Life," as it stood, had performed its mission for the days of stage-coaches, knee-breeches, and tallow-candles. Those and other horrors, though past, are still too recent to have acquired interest or dignity through the mists of Time. There is a wide difference between being antique and being old-fashioned. "Fish," says the proverb, "is good, but fishy is detestable." We had not the audacity to attempt a wholly new book of this kind, since every production of original genius is unique;

and, moreover, even the French, so potent in pettiness, have failed signally, in their *Petites Misères de la Vie Humaine*," to reproduce in another form these racy dialogues. Their book, where it strives to be genteel, is frigid ; and when it lapses into the familiar, becomes coarse. Warned, therefore, we adhere to the simple personalities that come home to every man's business and bosom, and to the homely hints which the genial smiles of two generations, have already acknowledged to be apposite to universal human nature—its wants and whims—its proprieties and its exactions. But as we desire, above all things, a quick, ready, irresistible sympathy for our petty (*i. e.*, incident to pets) and pungent (*i. e.*, fruitful in puns) miseries of the happy—(Q. Can the neutral word *mis-hap* have been originally a compound from *misery* and *happiness*, as signifying something between the two ?)—we have judged it best, in some cases, to substitute for certain dilemmas which are neither old enough nor new enough to be *piquant*, corresponding ones costumed for our own time and meridian, lest the Testys and Sensitives of to-day—it is a great family—should set us down as fellows of no mark or likelihood : a conclusion which might affect our market and livelihood, in the long run, by making it short. To be suspected of being mental and moral rhinoceroses, might attack our rhino seriously ; so we think it expedient to show our sensitiveness to trifles, that, *ex pede*, the fastidious may judge of our fitness to trifle with their sensitiveness. A man of nerve is not the right consoler for a nervous man; nor can a lady who has never had a lover be expected to sympathize

very sincerely with a rival who has just lost one. So decided and recognized is the demand for sympathy, in those who would aid us, that physicians invariably make faces while they are amputating or applying hot towels. We trust our delicacy will be made apparent in the straits through which we conduct the reader, as the pilot proved his knowledge of "every rock in the channel," by running the ship on a sharp point, exclaiming, "There's one of 'em now!" If there is any thing irritating, it is to be told by a fellow whose nerves never felt any rasp finer than an alligator's jaw—"Never mind!" What does he know of the tortures a doubled rose-leaf may bring to one whose sensibilities have been properly cultivated, while his power of resistance has grown

"Fine by degrees, and beautifully less?"

What does common sense know of uncommon sensitiveness? Why are people called fastidious, but because they *will* have what they want, *per fas aut nefas*, let who will suffer? The same root will probably be found to have borne the fashionable term "fast;" for though the signification may be a little modified, the main point—viz., the courage required for walking over other people's impertinent rights and feelings—is still the leading idea. What business have "other people" with feelings?

A lady's dog bit a beggar-boy. "Poor dear!" exclaimed the sensitive creature—*i. e.*, the lady—"I hope it will not make him sick!"—*i. e.*, the dog. Exquisitely sympathetic nature!

It is confidently hoped that our Miseries, as revised, will prove highly acceptable, in particular to persons whose early education has been neglected. If there be any thing that fatally betrays our having ever been in narrow circumstances, it is the power of putting up with difficulties and disagreeables—any thing short of perfection in any thing. The art of finding fault is first among the accomplishments of him who would substantiate his pretensions to gentility. To be easily pleased, stamps the individual as commonplace. Whether in travelling or at home, the more waiting on we require, the more we are respected; and if we would have the house fairly at our feet, we must let our dinner cool while we wrangle about a chafing-dish, and swear at the chambermaid if she forget to leave a bible in our bedroom.

Now, this, our excellent and portable manual, is rammed with hints as to all such matters. Every supposable incident of provocation is here collected, and the degree to which it is proper to be enraged at each, plainly hinted, if not expressly prescribed. Young people may here learn when it is best only to pout, and again under what circumstances scolding would be *en règle;* while their elders will find themselves supplied with objurgations, both Latin and English, on occasion of every petty ill, from the encroachment of a friend to the blunder of a servant.

In performing this service to the great world of those who are striving to appear not small, we have ventured, spite of the caution of Doctor Holmes—*the* Holmes of American Authors—in most cases, to write "as funny as we can;" for

while we have a tender regard for buttons, we remember also the fate of that Roman author (Q. consul?) who, writing about the grievances of the day, gave them a turn so lugubrious that "many were driven to hang and drown themselves in despair;" upon which the public authorities—perhaps the city corporation—determined never to reform any abuses, but only to stifle all notice of them——"forbade the said authors to write so any more!"—a prohibition which we should be loth to encounter.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

A groan, the first int-wrench-ment of the siege.—Corn-land grown pasture—i. e., *past-your* endurance.—Change not always improvement.—A little Latin—but there is a translation at the bottom.—To ride a-horse-back out and drive a horse back home.—A *cart*-sequence. Not good. Pleasures of solitude.—New *even*-ing amusements—rolling gravel-walks and shearing lawns.—Plans for another campaign—to take *the field* in good earnest. Pp. 15–26.

CHAPTER II.

Miseries of games, sports, &c. Of domestic recreations.—New-fashioned geometry. A one-line *try*-angle. Robin' the dead.—Un-*aim*-iable fortune! Childish troubles—no ease but miser-ies.—Infancy! In fancy I see thy speechless trials!—Attacks on dogs are a tax on the feelings of their masters.—The affecting history of poor watch. Andrew McCann—"absent, but not forgotten."—Pleasures of boating.—A temperance maxim. The social *bowl* is a bad game to make ten-strikes in.—Whist—a *deal* of trouble and "*De'il* a bit of pleasure."—The arts. "Music hath (c) harms."—An unwelcome mental guest is a riddle which is *not* guessed.—*Riddles* in the old sense, i. e. sieves—to *strain* the faculties.—Finish of "Miseries Chap. 2d." (They've finished many a chap besides!) Pp. 27–40.

CHAPTER III.

Miseries of cities—noisome and noisy.—*Mutual* awkwardness, i. e., awkwardness that makes you all mute.—Wakefulness. We only find oblivion when we wish—*to be remembered!*—*Cab*-bage, in the tailor sense.—A new po(l)ker. A toss-up for choice of partners.—"Voices of the night." A feline misery, and a feelin' description of it.—When may a *story* be said to be "going the rounds"?—When the bricks it was built of are being brought down a ladder.—The folly of using an income for amusing a nincom.—Theatres, &c. Places of public *abusement*.—"Going to *ballet-hack*" not so easy for a common man as a fool.—The misery of condolence.—Is it a bad box to have no box at all?—The close of the drama. Pp. 41–51.

CHAPTER IV.

Miseries of travelling. "Voyager c'est vivre."—Literal people a pest. A dig at the dignitaries.—Travelling preliminaries.—Pilgrim's Progress. Boxing the clothes and closing the box.—A memorandum-book—"Though lost to sight, to memory dear.—A *post mortem* examination connected with the *dead letter* office.—Railroads, beginning with a depot-sition on the nuisance of starting.—The whistle—a car-tune preliminary to a picture of despair.—A stir-up to the placidity of your temper, already saddley tried.—Drivers. The only stage-managers who don't get disgusted with the dram(a).—The pest—the dam-pest of damp sheets.—"I love a softer *climb*" than the upper berth, "Gent's Cabin."—Transpositions, a new epidemic. Inoculation for the reader.—*Light* is the smoker's care if he only has a cigar!—Cattle damages. The joint-stock having to pay for the dis-jointed.—Official appointments. Miserable *sticks* elevated to responsible *posts*. Pp. 58–79.

CHAPTER V.

Social trials.—A fair exhibition of the *neat cattle* of society.—Schisms, not witticisms.—Music *racks* are well named; likewise, the *strains* of which they are the instruments.—Noisy pets, that might as well be trum-pets, or pet-ards, at once.—It's sometimes pleasant to be found "not at home"—never, to be *found out*.—The country tempts you away from home, and the contretemps that follow you.—The pains of politeness. The "mould of form" that gathers on social intercourse.—An unlucky speech that doesn't admit of a-mealy-oration afterwards.—Somnolence *vs.* bene-volence.—A *soar* throat is just what a singer should have to reach the high notes with.—Building-sites and other exciting sights not heretofore cited.—There's one *pathy* for all diseases, we all employ when we can get it. *Sympathy*, (and we might add, *home*-opathy.)—De *vinculo* matrimonii.—A father, *tend*-er to his offspring. Pp. 80–97.

CHAPTER VI.

Library troubles. The handsomer a book is, the more it seems open to in-speck-tion. A book *bound* to be an annoyance in some way.—Magazine literature. A magazine of litter at your disposal.—The "cacoethes scribendi" must have been among the "*Jesta* Romanorum."—Most authors write an infamous short-hand. *Sin-copy* personified.—The printer is *author*-ized to offer the incredulous convincing *proofs*. Pp. 97–103.

CHAPTER VII.

The Devil sends cooks, so there's the devil to pay.—The cheap eating-house in two phases.—The most thriving bug in New York, except hum-bug. An enc-roachment on our liberties.—The upper 10,000 *vs.* the lower 490,000 for lie-ability and reliability.—The brick-in-hod-and-in-hat-carrying race's aptness for *all* sorts of fabrication.—The *declension* of boarding-houses favorable to the *conjugation* of bachelors.—Con-fusion, i. e., a melting together.—Boarding-houses, not to be accused of un-chary-table-ness.—Efforts at carving proving rather a hindrance than

a *help.*—Specimens of *gold-baring* quartz from the dough-minions of the baker. —A formal dinner. Courses that are not race-courses.—What's a-curd to sour your temper?—The cold chairy-teas of the world!—A preparation sooted to the most fastidious taste. Making a mull of it. Pp. 104–121.

CHAPTER VIII.

Miseries domestic. House-cleaning.—A lock, no key. A chimney, smoky.—Bui! Ding—a nuisance, alone; and prolific in little Bills besides.—The city most opposed to the introduction of gas.——Spermaceti.—Trouble in a gas-tly shape—not to be made light of.—Candle miseries. There's no rest for the wick-ed.—The Augean stables. (Corruption from haw-gee-in'——being ox-stables.)—An over-T-urn.—Dressing-room miseries.—Bad *habits;* the more they are *broken*, the worse they get.—A brush with the bristles.—Pantaloons. A fit—not like a glove, but like a convulsion.—A crumb—not of comfort. The penalty of *loaf*-ing in bed.—Cold weather. Nurses. (Both suggestive of Lap-land.)—After all, the worst thing about a bed is—*getting up.* Pp. 122–144.

CHAPTER IX.

Miseries of the body. (Every one *nose*—the blows it is subject to.—Ad udfortudate bad who cad *dot* prodondce *eb* or *ed.*—Amateur doctors—of a mature age too.—The game of *draughts.* Checkers—of perspiration.—*Better* let the ladies alone—or you'll surely lose!—Men's best aims are found to be *misses*,—women's to be Mrs.—Are man-tillas machines for the cultivation of the race? Harrowing thought! —Happiness destroyed by an *evil spell.*—Modern sociability. Oh Pride, thou *hell-pest* to make mankind wretched.—A carriage is like a lottery prize: never *drawn* when one wants it.—A dis-tressed damsel.—*Part-ies* of pleasure well named. The pleasure isn't in the *meeting.*—Compassionable ugliness. (The consequences of the small pox are *to be pitted.*) Pp. 145–159.

CHAPTER X.

Miseries miscellaneous.—Caricature portraits. (A *dagger-o'-type* naturally suggests a *libel.*)—Take Time by his forelock, and he'll retaliate on yours.—Years decline, vanity does not—except that it *declines* to own up.—A de-voted candidate.——A clerk's not the man to *cut* a *figure.* He knows them all too well.—A *D*-serving youth, with a *D*-sire to please.—The race of beggars. (A hand-i'-cap race.)—Resignation is a virtue—that office-holders are loth to practice.—The Tea-room. More-tea-fication of the flesh agrees with aldermanic *corporations.*—The pavior who *cobbles* half the street and *blocks* the whole.—We're in the reforming vein. Our efforts are probably in vain too.—Ice calls for *slippers* as naturally as water does for *pumps.*—*Sick* transit: from the odor of flowery buds to that of Bowery floods.—Has our work any mission but dis-mission? Plans. An outline of the forces—a mere shell, having no colonel.—All appears to *be dished:* or, what's equivalent, be-*trayed.*—The greatest misery of all for the reader—the end. Pp. 160–196.

THE MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

"Hinc exaudiri gemitus."*—VIRGIL.

A groan, the first int-wrench-ment of the siege.—Corn-land grown pasture—i. e., *past-your* endurance.—A new frog fable. "No sport to you, but death to us."—Change not always improvement. A distinction without a difference.—A little Latin—but there is a translation at the bottom.—The *hay*-day of prosperity—"over the left."—Up to snuff—and a trifle over.—To ride a-horse-back out and drive a horse back home.—A *cart*-sequence. Not good. Pleasures of solitude.—New *even*-ing amusements—rolling gravel-walks and shearing lawns. Verbum *sap.*—Plans for another campaign—to take *the field* in good earnest.

Sensitive. This is a hard world, Testy.

Testy. That is a fact, Sensitive, and besides, a promising opening to our first attack on the army of our enemies. We have to deal with an immense and obstinate majority of mankind, who persist in their dogma that miseries are to be valued in proportion to their size rather than to their number.

Sen. Who *will* be contented, in spite of any and all inducements to the contrary.

---

* Here a groan was heard.

A groan, the first int-wrench-ment of the siege.

Tes. "All the world's a stage"—and I *won't* be contented!

Ned Testy. Unless you can be driver, and take the fare.

Tes. Those are the blockheads we have to deal with, and almost single-handed too!

Sen. We are like the one reasonable but unlucky fellow on a jury with eleven obstinate companions. But are we not doing an injury to the race rather than a benefit? It looks like opening a new Pandora's box, this giving a local habitation and a name to these hitherto unrecognised evils.

Tes. Not a bit of it! We cage them up; so that all may see what they have to look out for. It's more like crowding the evils back into the box.

Sen. Except that we unfortunately cannot shut down the lid.

Tes. And, besides, what do we owe to "the race?"

Ned Tes. One owes no consideration to a race where he's won no stake.

Sen. We shall have earned a stake, Ned—the stake of martyrdom—if you start with the deliberate intention of committing many such puns.

Tes. Puns! Has he been making puns? Ned, the first time I catch you making a pun, I'll punish you by hiring some other amanuensis, and deducting his wages out of your pocket-money.

Ned Tes. I shall run no risk of that sort, sir. (Aside to the reader.) *Because father never would know if it snowed puns unless some one told him. Although I verily believe he would like to see the whole pun-kin made into one pie, that he might cut them up, yet he makes puns himself sometimes in the most blissful unconsciousness. The fates were kind to him in that one respect at least.*

Corn-land grown pasture—i. e., *past-your* endurance.

Tes. We have to prove to the world that the real retributive evidences of original sin and total depravity are the miseries that go uncounted under the names of *bores*, *nuisances*, *fatalities*, &c. Now let us open the campaign. Shall I begin?

Sen. If you please. Open your budget.

Ned Tes.

"'Tis but a *bud-yet*,
'Twill soon burst in bloom."

Tes. Ay, here they are, biting and stinging, wherever I set my finger!—Well, well! no matter—to business. Let's begin in the country, since we *are* here, and tell some of the miseries of walks, rides, drives, &c., that fools take with the fallacious idea that they are *enjoying* themselves!

1. The sole of the shoe torn down in walking, and obliging you to lift your foot, and limp along, like a pig in a string; no knife in your pocket, nor house within reach!

2. The boot continually taking in gravel; while, for a time, you try to calm your feelings by believing it to be *only hard dirt*, and vainly hope that it will presently relieve you by pulverizing.

3. Suddenly rousing yourself from the ennui of a solitary walk by striking your toe (with a corn at the end of it) full and hard against the sharp corner of a fixed flint:—*pumps*.

Ned Tes. Nay, father, such a kick as that would pay you for the pain by driving out the corn:

——————"*segetem* ab radicibus imis
Expulsam erueret."*—Virg.

Sen. If you are for corns, listen to me:

* From the *corn-field* he eradicates its deepest roots.

A new frog fable. "No sport to you, but death to us."

4. Walking all day, in very hot weather, in a pair of shoes far too tight both in length and breadth.—Corns on every toe.

Tes. There you beat me, to be sure; but it is the only triumph you will have, and so make the most of it. Beat what follows, if you can:

5. When you have trusted your foot on a frozen rut, the ice proving treacherous, and bedding you in slush.

6. Walking through a boundless field of fresh-ploughed clay land, and carrying home, at each foot, an undesired sample of the soil, of about ten or twelve pounds weight.

Ned Tes. Ah! this is, as DRYDEN says

"A trifling sum of *misery*
Now added to the *foot* of thy account!"

7 Stooping, tearing, floundering, and bleeding your way through a boggy, briery swamp, with here and there a rushy pool, which takes you by surprise: so that you are more and more entangled and ingulfed as you advance, till you are, after all, necessitated to turn back, and *encore* all your sufferings; and so emerge at last, looking like a half-murdered beggar.

Ned Tes.

"Quem circum, limus niger, et deformis arundo,
————————tardâque palus inamabilis undâ
Alligat, et novies *Sticks* interfusa coercent."—VIRG.

8. Walking obliquely up a steep hill, when the ground is what the vulgar call *greasy.*

Ned Tes. "Labitur et labetur!"—Slipping and slopping.

9. Feeling your foot slidder over the back of a toad, which you took for a stepping-stone, in your dark evening walk.

10. Making an involuntary acquisition, in the shape of a snowball in winter, or a bit of something sticky in summer, which sticks to your sole as the devil might if he got hold of it.

Change not always improvement. A distinction without a difference.

Sen. I don't mind that, if it relieves me of itself all at once. It is so satisfactory to set your foot down free on the ground again, after the encumbrance is gone. But what a trial is it to a nervous man to go scraping along over the stones, and making his blood run cold, so long that he can scarcely tell when the last bit departs! His imagination *feels* as if it were there, when the eye can detect nothing on the boot, painfully upturned for inspection while the owner balances himself on the other leg—tottering like a ninepin.

Tes. After your "something sticky" has seemingly disappeared—

11. To enter a drawing-room and find out, when too late, that your boot has changed its manner of annoyance from *sticking*, to—*smelling unpleasantly!*

12. Or, on the other hand, to step on a bit of fresh orange or melon peel, upon which your foot flies off incontinently in a lateral direction, much to the perturbation of your centre of gravity.

Ned Tes. And the gravity of the passers-by as well.

13. To have these misfortunes happen when you are in a great hurry and going along with all your might.

Tes. Bad enough, sir, bad enough; but this, and all the specimens of bad footing we have yet mentioned, are *carpeting* compared with what follows, as you'll soon confess:

14. While you are out with a walking party, after heavy rains—one shoe suddenly sucked off by the boggy clay; and then, in making a long and desperate stretch, which fails, with the hope of recovering it, leaving the *other* in the same predicament! The second stage of ruin is that of standing—or rather tottering—in blank despair, with both feet planted, ankle-deep, in the quagmire! The last (I had almost said the dying) scene of the tragedy—that of deliberately cramming first one, and then the other

A little Latin—but there is a translation at the bottom.

clogged, polluted foot into its choked-up shoe, after having *scavengered* your hands and gloves in slaving to drag up each separately out of its deep bed, and in this state proceeding on your walk—is too dreadful for representation.

Sen. "O, horrible! O, horrible! most hôrrible!" If, however, it may afford you any consolation, under the recollection of a calamity so dreadful, to hear an accurate description of it from the master-hand of Tacitus, attend while I recite it: "Miscetur operantium clamor—cuncta pariter adversa—locus uligine profundâ, idem ad gradum instabilis, procedentibus lubricus; corpora neque librare inter undas poterant..... Non vox, et mutui hortatus juvabant: nihil strenuus ab ignavo, sapiens a prudenti, consilia a casu differre; cuncta pari violentiâ involvebantur!" *—and now, my friend, let me relieve your mind by a meaner though by no means a tolerable misery.

15. Pushing through the very narrow path of a very long field of very high grain, immediately after a very heavy rain:—*nankeens.*

16. Ploughing up your newly-rolled gravel walk, by walking over, or rather sinking into it, after a soaking torrent of rain.

Sen. Nothing can be more pitiable. But having now sufficiently defiled ourselves with dust and mire, suppose we pass

* Confusion and clamour prevail among the labouring victims—all things conspiring equally against them—the place a deep swamp, treacherous to the foot, and more and more slippery as they advance; neither could they balance their bodies amidst the boggy marsh..... The voice of mutual encouragement was heard in vain: all distinction lost between the strenuous and the tardy, the wise and the weak, circumspection and casualty; all were indiscriminately involved in the same overpowering calamity!

The *hay*-day of prosperity—"over the left."

to some of the less ignoble miseries of the country. I will show you the way:

17. While walking with others, in a line, through a narrow path, being perpetually addressed by the lady immediately before you, who, although she never turns her head in speaking, and a roaring wind from behind flies away with every syllable as it is uttered, seems to consider you as provokingly stupid for making her repeat her words twenty times over.

18. The flaccidity of mind with which you attempt to flog yourself up into an inclination to work in your garden, for the sake of exercise.

Tes. Nay, there are worse things about a garden than that, I can tell you:

19. On paying a visit to your garden in the morning for the purpose of regaling your eye and nose with the choice ripe fruit with which it had abounded the day before, finding that the whole produce of every tree and bush has been *carefully gathered—in the night!*

20. The delights of hay-time! as follows:—After having cut down every foot of grass upon your grounds, on the most solemn assurances of the barometer that there is nothing to fear; after having dragged the whole neighbourhood for every man, woman, and child, that love or money could procure, and thrust a rake or a pitchfork into the hand of every servant in your family, from the housekeeper down; after having long overlooked and animated their busy labours, and seen the exuberant produce turned and re-turned under a smiling sun, till every blade is as dry as a bone, and as sweet as a rose; after having exultingly counted one rising haycock after another, and drawn to the spot every seizable horse and cart, all now standing in readiness to carry home the vegetable treasure, as fast as it can be piled; at such a golden moment as this, Mr. Testy, to see volume upon volume of black, heavy clouds suddenly rising, and advancing in frowning columns from the south-west; as if the sun had taken half the Zodiac—from Leo to Aquarius—at a leap:—they halt—they muster directly overhead; at the signal of a thunderclap, they pour down their contents with a steady perpendicular discharge, and the assault is continued,

Up to snuff—and a trifle over.

without a moment's pause, till every meadow is completely got under, and the whole scene of action is a swamp. When the enemy has performed his commission by a total defeat of your hopes; when he has completely swept the field, and scattered your whole party in a panic flight, he suddenly breaks up his forces, and quits the ground; leaving you to comfort and amuse yourself, under your loss, by looking at his *Colors*, in the shape of a most beautiful rainbow, which he displays in his rear.

21. In your evening walk, being closely followed, for half an hour, by a large bulldog, (without his master,) who keeps up a stifled growl, with his muzzle nuzzling about your calf, as if choosing out the fleshiest bite:—no bludgeon.

22. Losing your way, on foot, at night, in a storm of wind and rain; and this, immediately after leaving a merry fireside.

23. While you are laughing, or talking wildly to yourself, in walking, suddenly seeing a person steal close by you, who, you are sure, must have heard it all; then, in an agony of shame, making a wretched attempt to *sing*, in a voice as like your talk as possible, in hopes of making your hearer think that you had been *only* singing all the while.

Tes. A forlorn hope, indeed!—if *I* had been your hearer, I should have said, by way of *relieving* your embarrassment, "Si loqueris, cantas; si cantas, cantas male."—If you would speak, you sing; if it's singing you are, you sing vilely.

24. In attempting to spring carelessly, with the help of one hand, over a five-barred gate, by way of showing your activity to a party of ladies behind you, (whom you affect not to have observed,) blundering upon your nose on the other side.

25. In walking out to dinner, clean and smart, becoming hot with your exercise, the consciousness of which makes you still hotter, so that on arriving, too late to repair yourself, you are obliged to sit down to table with a large party, (each of whom is clean and fresh,) with plastered hair, red varnished face, &c., &c.

26. Venturing upon a pinch of snuff in the open air, a sudden puff of wind emptying your box into your eyes, the moment you open it.

To ride a-horse-back out and drive a horse back home.

27. In returning from a long, hot ride, being overtaken on a common, many miles from home, by a torrent of rain, which so completely drenches your heated body, that you are obliged, for the preservation of your life, to stop at some lone, mean, public house, undress, and get between the blankets, while your clothes are drying: then, after you have lain awake like a fool for a couple of hours, doing nothing, in the busy part of the day, finding, when you have re-dressed yourself, the rain increasing, night coming on, and no messenger to be had by whom to send word to your anxious friends, that you must remain where you are all night.

28. On a stubborn horse, coming to a no less stubborn gate, when you have either no hooked stick, or one with so gentle a curve that it lets go its hold as soon as it has taken it; so that you must at last resolve to dismount, though you well know that your horse will afterwards keep you dancing for an hour on one leg, with the other in the stirrup, before he will suffer you to remount him. Or,

29. To consider it prudent *not* to remount, but to borrow a wagon and harness, even at the risk of the jeers of those who witnessed your outset.

30. Improving your coachmanship by driving an unbroken horse through a rugged, narrow lane, in which the ruts refuse to fit your wheels, and yet there is no room to quarter.

31. An overturn—the natural consequence of a natural cause.

Ned Tes. The driver must be a natural, too—*natural born*, as the country people say.

32. Attending a sale, from a great distance, for the sole purpose of bidding for an article, which, on your arrival, you are told has just been knocked down for nothing.

33. After having sent from the other end of the state to the library for a quantity of well-chosen books, all particularly named, receiving in return, six months afterwards, a cargo of novels, of *their own* choice, with such titles as "Delicate Sensibility," "Disguises of the Heart," "Errors of Tenderness," &c., &c. Then, if you venture, in despair, on a few pages, being edified in the margin by such pencilled commentaries as the following: "I quite agree in this sentiment." "How frequently do we find this to be the case

A *cart*-sequence. Not good. Pleasures of solitude.

in real life!"—"But why did she let him have the letter?" &c., &c.; concluded by the reader's general decision upon the merits of the book, stamped in one oracular sentence; for example, "This is a very good novel;" or, (to the horror and confusion of the author, if he should ever hear of the critique,) "What execrable stuff!"

Tes. Nay, you well deserve this part of your misery for looking into such trash—

"I, quæso, et *tristes* illos depone libellos,"
Nec lege "quod quævis nôsse puella velit."

I will give you a country misery, from which there is not a whit less wear and tear to the nerves, and where you have no possible means of escape:—judge for yourself.

34. Following on horseback a slow cart through an endless, narrow lane, at sunset, when you are already too late, and want all the help of your eyes, as well as of your horse's feet, to carry you safe through the rest of your unknown way.

Sen. Very distressing, I allow; but I will show you that the end of a journey may be still worse than the journey itself:

35. After having arrived at home, completely exhausted by a long journey, and delightfully diffused yourself on the sofa for the rest of the evening—(as you fondly suppose)—being dragged out again, within a quarter of an hour, to take a long walk with a few friends, who are "obliged to go," but who "cannot bear to part with you so soon"—the party chiefly consisting of *ladies*, to whom you are, on every account, ashamed to plead fatigue as an excuse for remaining at home.

36. In a very solitary situation—after having sent some miles off for a remarkably clever carpenter, whom you have particularly entreated to come himself, for the purpose of doing a variety of jobs that require both a nice hand and a contriving head—seeing enter, in his stead, a drivelling dormouse, who just knows a hammer from a nail.

New *even*-ing amusements—rolling gravel-walks and shearing lawns. Verbum *sap.*

37. Passing the worst part of a rainy winter in a country so inveterately miry as to imprison you within your own premises, so that, by way of exercise and to keep yourself alive, you take to rolling the gravel-walks, though already quite smooth; cutting wood, though you have more logs than enough; working the dumb-bells, or some such irrational exertions.

38. Residing at a solitary place, where the return of the butcher, and the delivery of parcels, letters, &c., is so irregular and uncertain, that you are obliged to get at all the necessaries of life by stratagem.

39. While deeply, delightfully, and, as you hope, safely, engaged at home in the morning—being suddenly surprised by an inroad from a party of the starched, stupid, cold, idle natives of a neighbouring country town, who lay a *formal* siege (by sap) to your leisure, which they carry on for at least two hours in almost total silence—

> "Nothing there is to come, and nothing past;
> But an eternal *Now* does ever last!"

40. During the last hour, they alternately tantalize and torment you, by seeming (but *only* seeming) to go, which they are induced to do at last only by the approach of a fresh detachment of the enemy, whom they descry at your castle gate, and to whose custody they commit you, while they pursue their own scouring excursions upon the other peaceful inhabitants of the district.

Tes. Well, Sensitive, I must confess your last "groan" is louder than any that has yet burst from either of us.

Sen. Liberally said, sir: it is bad enough, to be sure, though your *quagmire scene* runs it very close: a sufficient number, indeed, has been produced on both sides to silence the boldest of our enemies; and yet this, as you say, is "rural felicity!" But let us not triumph before a victory; they will tell us, I doubt not, that we have contemplated the country but on one side. We have pretty well established our main point, to be sure, viz.: that country walks, rides, &c., &c., are not exactly the roads to earthly happiness—

Plans for another campaign—to take *the field* in good earnest.

nothing but the ghost of an idiot could think they are;—but they will, doubtless, exultingly produce a higher class of rural enjoyments, under the names of *sports*, *games*, and *exercises;* and if they should superadd the *domestic amusements* of retirement, they will consider the country as completely set upon its legs again.

Tes. Never fear. We will beat them, not only out of the field, but out of the house, too.

Ned Tes. (*aside.*) How unfeeling! Making game of the miseries of our fellow-men. Making miseries of their games amounts to the same thing.

Sen. Well, then we'll consider it decided. The subject of country sports and amusements, in parliamentary phrase,

"HAS THE FLOOR."

CHAPTER II.

Miseries of games, sports, &c. Of domestic recreations.—New-fashioned geometry. A one-line *try*-angle. Robin' the dead.—Un-*aim*-iable fortune! Childish troubles—no ease but miser-ies.—Infancy! In fancy I see thy speechless trials! —Attacks on dogs are a tax on the feelings of their masters.—The affecting history of poor watch. Andrew McCann—"absent, but not forgotten."—Pleasures of boating. "O, what a *row*," &c.—A chance for a complicated pun about "*muslin*' the ox that *treadeth* out the *corn*."—A temperance maxim. The social *bowl* is a bad game to make ten-strikes in.—Whist—a *deal* of trouble, and "*De'il* a bit of pleasure."—The arts. "Music hath (c) harms." Drawing. A point *vs.* disappoint.—An unwelcome mental guest is a riddle which is *not* guessed.—*Riddles* in the old sense, i. e., sieves—to *strain* the faculties.—Finish of "Miseries Chap. 2d." (They've finished many a chap besides!)

Tes. Well, sir, we meet still more in heart, I trust, than we parted. As we have taken in a great part both of summer and winter for our *amusements*, we shall hardly fail to find, on comparing notes, that our cause has realized a great deal of strength, both in and out of doors.

Sen. Yes, truly, my dear friend; I, for my part, have been sporting, and dancing, and singing, with tears in my eyes, ever since we parted; and have brought you a pocketful of pains, composed entirely of pleasures!

Tes. I will match you, depend upon 't—but you shall judge for yourself. You may be prepared, indeed, for my first groan, by my limping gait, and this bewitching swathe about my head; it is but three days since it happened; and thus it goes:

1. In skating—slipping in such a manner that your legs start off into the unaccommodating posture of a pair of shears loose on the pivot, from

New-fashioned geometry. A one-line *try*-angle. Robin' the dead.

which, however, you are soon relieved by tumbling forwards on your nose, or backwards on your skull. Also, learning to cut the outside edge on skates that have no edge to cut with :—ice very rugged.

2. To come down on your right knee in such a style as to have to be carried home, with a pleasant subject of contemplation to pass away the time, viz.: the probability of losing your knee-joint through a white swelling!

Ned Tes. "Hic O, limb, meminisse juvabit."*

3. Angling for ten or twelve hours, without a bite, though perpetually tantalized with nibbles; or, when you have hooked a fine, large specimen, seeing him take French leave, at the moment when you are courteously showing him his nearest way to the bank. Or, on the other hand, after falling asleep and letting your tackle repose in the mud for an indefinite time, to wake and haul up with the conviction that you had caught an eel, and receive a practical illustration of the old adage—

THERE'S MANY A SLIP (-PER), ETC.—You had only caught—*a cold!*

4. On springing, at the right distance, the only covey you have seen, at the end of a long day's fag—flash in the pan.

5. Having got up before daylight, with the most superhuman virtue, to shoot quail, to bring down *something*, after getting wet with dew up to your middle, and, on picking it up, to find it nothing but a poor red-breast.

* "Hic olim meminisse juvabit."—VIRG.
Pleasing will this be hereafter to look back on.

Un-*aim*-iable fortune! Childish troubles—no ease but miser-ies.

Ned Tes. Although you had seen it *quail* before your attack.

6. Then to be confined to your bed, in a miserable country tavern, with the natural consequences of your exposure.

Ned Tes. Probably a *room-attic* affliction. One which a *dew* regard for health would have prevented.

7. In hunting, while you are leading the field, and just running in upon the fox, with the brush full in your hopes, being suddenly left in the lurch, or, in other words, in the ditch.

Ned Tes. A slight change—from heading the field, to *head in* the field.

8. In archery—the string of your bow snapping at the moment when you have made sure of your aim.

Sen. But let us have done with what are vulgarly called "out-door amusements." One groan for every principal field-sport may serve for a sample:—sportsmen could produce a thousand more, but all men are not sportsmen; and we, you know, have to do only with general miseries—the common currency of human existence.

Tes. Common, do you call it? Humph!—if this is the common currency, I can only say that, from some twist in our horoscopes, you and I seem to have pocketed all the bogus pieces. By the by, I have not yet done with the *open air* and its amusements. You must know that I have collected from my youngest boy Tom, now at home for the holidays, a few "school miseries," and so put them into my pile. I was pleased at the circumstance, as it served to show that even boyhood, the happiest period of man's life, and school-days, which we are apt to look upon as the happiest

part of that happiest time, are by no means exempt from the general tax upon living and breathing; nay, even my last little one told me half an hour ago, as plain as a baby could speak it, of an *infantine* misery, viz.:

9. A *dry wet*-nurse!

10. Waking in a bitter winter morning, with the recollection that you are immediately to get up by candlelight, out of your snug, warm bed, to shiver out to school through the snow, for the purpose of being flogged as soon as you arrive.

Tes. Eh, Sensitive? I don't think the blackest beard among us can go beyond that.

11. Seeing the boy who is next above you flogged for a recitation which you know you cannot say even half so well as he did.

12. At cricket—after a long and hard service of watching out—bowled out at the first ball. Likewise, cricket on very sloppy ground, so that your hard ball presently becomes muddy, sappy, and rotten; a jarring bat; a right-hand bat for a left-handed player; a hat, *vice* stumps.

13. Winding up a top badly grooved, so that the string bunches down over the peg, and, on your attempt to peg it down into the ring, "volat vi fervidus axis;" *i. e.*, it flies into the eye of a play-fellow.

14. Your hoop breaking, and then trundling lame, and perpetually tripping you up, as you boggle along with it; the other boys, with good hoops, leaving you miles behind.

15. Being obliged to take a severe licking from a boy twice as big, but not half so brave as yourself; then flogged for fighting, because you at first aimed one blow, which, however, did not reach the long-armed rascal.

16. At dinner—the meat lasting only as low down as to the boy immediately above you:—you are too stout to eat bread, and so go starved and broken-hearted into school.

17. Staying in on a whole holiday for another boy's fault, falsely

Attacks on dogs are a tax on the feelings of their masters.

charged upon yourself:—very fine day, and the distant noise of all the other boys at play continually in your ears, as you mope in the house.

Ned Tes. Of course, *I* cannot remember any childish miseries, it is so long since I could experience any. But I have set down a few young-manly *contretemps*, which I can give you if you wish.

Tes. You always were rather anxious to show yourself, you know, Ned. I am afraid you cannot add much, unless you throw in yourself as a concentrated misery. However, we will see what we shall see.

Ned Tes. I do not hesitate to exclaim with the Latins—

"Pa, see me, too!"*

Don't be afraid. Some people can do some things as well as others.

If you have any thing of a fancy for dogs—

18. To be obliged to witness an assault of the dog-killers on a poor, unoffending cur, who has unwittingly strayed out of his boundaries.

Especially if he be a favourite of your own, and you arrive too late to save him, and only in time to have him die, licking the hand that has so often licked him!

Tes. I never happened to be present when that occurred.

Ned Tes. That never happened to a cur when you were present, you mean.

Sen. I never will have a dog in my house again as long as I live—it is such agony to lose one. We buried one with all the honours, the other day, in the presence of "the family and friends of the family."

Ned Tes. Dogberrys are not uncommon phenomena. As

* Parce metu.—Spare your fears.

The affecting history of poor watch. Andrew McCann—"absent, but not forgotten."

a particular mark of respect, you may do as a lot of disappointed heirs have been known to do on the death of their rich relation and their hopes.

Sen. How is that?

Ned Tes. Set up a *railing* round his grave.

Sen. Better than your average. Have you got through your juvenile miseries?

Ned Tes. No. Here's another—a bit of personal experience:

19. To remember, just after getting underway for a day's sailing with a large party, that you had forgotten to wind your watch—your first watch—that you had resolved *never* to let run down, and that you had wound up every morning for ten months! You try every key in the party with a desperate and fallacious hope, trying to wind the watch while the rest are trying to watch the wind. Instead of a day of pleasure, you feel as if you were waiting for the death of a pet dog. You *can't* forget it; but as it goes on tick, tick, tick—tick, to the last possible second, you go down to the hold and positively *cry*.

Tes. You deserved it. Who ever heard of winding a watch in the morning?

Sen. I've thought of that, Testy, and concluded that the morning was the proper time. First; you get up much more regularly, as to time, than you go to bed. Second; if, by chance, you forget it in the morning, there is a possibility of rectifying it, whereas no man ever waked up in the night to wind his watch. Third; the habit serves to help us remember to take it out from under the pillow, and there is no reminder necessary to keep us from forgetting to take it off when we undress.

Ned Tes. Unless it were some one like "Andrew McCann, the absent man."

Tes. Why, Ned—what about him?

Pleasures of boating. "O, what a *row*," &c.

Ned Tes. He put his watch to bed and tried to wind himself up. He was accustomed to set his watch forward every night, and, finding that *he* could only be *set* backward, and being puzzled to tell which of his hands was the minute hand, combined to recall his sense of their individuality. The dilemma, I think, he must have *taken* by several *horns*, and pretty strong ones, too.

Sen. Ned, I've seen that story in a newspaper; but, unless I'm much mistaken, it's grown a full size since then.

Ned Tes. (*confused.*) I may have added a *little.* But full-grown sighs or full size groans, would either be appropriate to your collection of *miseries.* Your aspersion on my correctness reminds me of another school annoyance.

20. Telling a story to a circle of boys who shortly interrupt you to tell you the point, having listened patiently so far for the sake of laughing at you for telling over again the same identical story (excepting a few additions) that you had told them before.

Tes. Ned's boating story reminds me of a *little* circumstance that I think he would quite as lieve I should forget.

21. To be deceived, bamboozled, humbugged, to "just take a sail round, rather than get up the horses to go two miles."

You know those were your very words, Ned. We found the boat high and dry on land———

Ned Tes. But then, you know, father, she made up for it by being half full of water.

Tes. Very true, you scamp; and in launching and baling *began* the destruction of my dinner-party getting up, which had been "regardless of expense."

22. The wind dies away, and we find ourselves perfectly stationary, and reduced to the necessity of paddling painfully ashore with a piece of

A chance for a complicated pun about "*muslin'* the ox that *treadeth* out the *corn.*"

a seat, having no oars except one, of which the whole flat part was gone, leaving only the handle—

Ned Tes. Oar-y rotundo.

23. Which was rather worse than none at all. Then, to arrive at last, and find, sitting at table, a cool, fresh-looking party of well-dressed people—your clothes splashed with bilge-water; your nose showing small particles of white cuticle, relieved against a brick-red ground; and with hands so blistered, that you can scarcely feed yourself!

Ned Tes. It's no bliss to know blisters.

24. Blundering in the figure all the way through a German cotillion, with a charming partner, to whom you are a perfect stranger; and who, consequently, knows nothing of you but your awkwardness.

Tes. That offence may be forgiven, however—not so the following:

25. Entering into the figure of a dance with so much spirit, as to force your leg and foot through the muslin drapery of your fair partner, and stamp on her delicate pedestal within.

Sen. There I feel for you, indeed!

26. The plagues of that complicated evolution called "right and left," from the awkwardness of some, and the inattention of others.

Ned Tes.

"Palantes error certo de tramite pellit;
Ille *sinistrosum*, hic *dextrorsum abit.*"—Hor.

27. Being compelled to shift your steps at every instant by the sleepy, ignorant, or drunken blunders of your musicians.

Ned Tes.

"*Tempora* mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis." *

* "Times change, and we change with them."

A temperance maxim. The social *bowl* is a bad game to make ten-strikes in.

Sen. I will *now* give you a ball-room "groan," with which nothing in Holbein's "Dance of Death" can stand a moment's comparison:

28. When you have imprudently cooled yourself with a glass of ice after dancing very violently, being immediately told by a medical friend that you have no chance for your life but by continuing the exercise with all your might;—then, the state of horror in which you suddenly cry out for "Go to the devil and shake yourself," or any other such frolicsome tune, and the heart-sinking apprehensions under which you instantly tear down the dance, and keep rousing all the rest of the couples, who, having taken no ice, can afford to move with less spirit.

29. To wait, fretting and fuming, for some favourite dance, while the old fogies, forming the majority of the company, dig away at their wretched cotillions, &c., one set forming as soon as another is done.

30. Tripping on the light fantastic toe—*of your partner.*

Ned Tes. Either of those last must be dreadful to a dancer of good caperbilities.

Sen. So much for dancing. Let us examine a few more domestic recreations. Will *billiards* give happiness?

Tes. I'll tell you:

31. When your adversary lacks but one of being out, to make a splendid double-stroke that *would* win you the game, but that your own ball pockets itself after all.

Ned Tes. In bowling, at a watering-place, before a party of ladies, in a tremendous effort to show off—

32. To make a *twelve-strike, i.e.*, knock down the ten pins, yourself, and the boy!

Sen. Ah, ha! There is a thing or two that trench on personal vanity; and who is there to whom they are without significance? Who is there, in all humanity, from the little

plague that just knows it is "Me! Me!" he sees in the glass, up to the old fellow who thinks it is a secret that he wears a wig, and tries to be sure no one is looking whenever he takes off his hat!

33. Missing your cue at every stroke—("totum nec pertulit ictum")—and this when you are particularly ambitious of showing your play.

Ned Tes. Miss Q. is the least agreeable acquaintance among the misses.

34. At the game of commerce, losing your life in fishing—for aces, when you had hooked two, and the third had several times nibbled at your bait.

35. When there is a very rich pool, and you have outlived all the players but one, he having gone up twice, and you not once—losing all your three *lives* running.

Tes. Nay, commerce is the best game upon the cards; for you may get yourself released whenever you please. What say you to the case of a wretch who detests cards, and whist above all, at which he plays vilely. Under these circumstances, I say, what think you of

36. Being compelled, by the want of a substitute, to sit down again, as you are stealing away, to a fourth or fifth rubber, with an Argus—in the shape of a captious, eager, skilful, elderly spinster—for your new partner?

37. In shuffling the cards—your party all strangers—squashing them together, breaking their edges, and showering them in all directions, so as to make you long for a trap-door to open under your feet.

38. A pack of cards which stick so abominably in dealing, that you unavoidably throw out three or four at once, and so lose your time, your patience, and the deal.

39. Being accompanied by a player or singer, who is always at least a bar behind or before you.

The arts. "Music hath (c) harms." Drawing. A point *vs.* disappoint.

Ned Tes. There is a bar to the harmony, but no harmony to the bar.

40. To listen to a set of badly-played chimes—Old Hundred altered, because there are but eight bells to play it with. A "triple bob major" rung as if it were the "passing bell."

Ned Tes. In that case, every bar is a *toll-bar.*

41. While accompanying another *on the flute,* being distanced in a quick passage by having to turn over in the middle of a bar.

Ned Tes.

"And *panting time* toil'd after him in vain."—JOHNS.

42. Attempting, by desire, to play on the pianoforte, while your fingers are all chained up by the frost.

43. In fiddling—a greasy bow; or a string, the last you have of the number, snapping in the middle of a passage which you were just discovering the proper method of fingering.

Sen. No, sir, music will never do. *Drawing* is, at least, a quieter enemy; but that it *is* an enemy, we shall easily make appear.

Tes. Not so fast, sir; I have another musical misery in store.

44. After waiting an hour for a friend's cremona, for which you had sent your servant, seeing it at length brought in by him—in fragments.

Ned Tes.

"Heu, prisca *fides!*"

Sen. Nay, young gentleman, if you are to quote *so,* you may as well throw in "Nusquam tuta *fides,*" as *you,* sir, (*to old Testy,*) ought to have remembered in proper time.

45. Hitching your knife in the gritty flaws of a black-lead pencil so as to spoil its edge, without *gaining* your *point:*—repeatedly breaking said

An unwelcome mental guest is a riddle which is *not* guessed.

point in the operation of cutting it; or, when you seem to have succeeded, finding that your pencil only scratches the paper on which you mean to draw.

46. After having nearly completed a drawing of a head, on which you have long been working very laboriously, leaving the room for a moment, and finding, on your return, that a sudden puff of wind, as you opened the door, has conveyed it into the fire, which is devouring the last corner of the paper.

47. In fitting a drawing to its frame, becoming so tired of your own timidity in paring the paper too little, as to spoil all by one rash sliver.

48. Rubbing Indian-ink or cake colours in a very smooth saucer. (Or, what is far worse than this—nay, is perhaps the very mightiest of all the mighty miseries we are now recording, or shall ever record——)

49. As you draw—to be maddened, through your whole work, with inveterate greasiness in your pencils, colours, or paper—you cannot possibly discover which—so that what you have taken up with your brush keeps coyly flying from the spot to which you would apply it.

Ned Tes.

——— ——— "nec *color*
Certâ sede manet."—Hor.

Tes. So much for the *Fine Arts!* One misery more, and I have done for the present.

50. Exhausting your faculties for a whole evening together in vain endeavours to guess at a riddle, conundrum, &c., though you are assured, all the time, that it is as easy as the a, b, c.

Tes. For my own part, the confounded riddle with which I have just wound up my accounts, has considerably shortened my search after other torments; for ever since it was proposed to me, a full month ago, I have lost both my rest and my appetite, and neglected almost every other concern in trying to find it out—all to no purpose.

Riddles in the old sense, i. e., sieves—to *strain* the faculties.

I have done double duty besides. First, to make out what the answer could be, and then, when the idiot had told it to me, to find what possible sense or connection it had with the question!

Ned Tes. (aside to the reader.) *I was the idiot in question. The riddle was: "Why should not the Latin 'Me Ipse' be considered a strong expression?" "Because it only takes 'T' to make 'Me Tipse!'"*

Sen. Nay, let it pass; you and I have neither time nor tranquillity for studying riddles. Besides, sir, life itself—according to *our* views of it—is one great enigma; and, like the other famous enigma of old, is guarded by not one, but a thousand sphinxes, in the shape of "miseries," which, like their predecessor, keep tearing us to pieces all the time that we are labouring in vain for the solution. Be quiet, then, for a moment, while I shape out other employment for us. It will not be denied, I trust, that we have now given the cause of *the country* a fair hearing; but *the town*, remember, will be thought to have at least an equal right to be put upon its trial, and the rather, as men, having made it themselves, will be naturally interested by the vanity of workmen in its defence.

Tes. So be it. "Man made the town," and we will patronize the manufactured article, skipping over the whole *village* tribe as a wretched nondescript, to be attributed to neither—not made at all, in fact. A sort of accidental spontaneous production.

Sen. A collection of people not too large for every body to know all about every body else, yet not large enough for any selection of associates; large enough to preclude mutual interest, yet small enough for universal curiosity, is a despicable state of existence! We will treat fearlessly

Finish of "Miseries Chap. 2d." (They've finished many a chap besides!)

of city and country, but leave the village to the imagination.

Ned Tes. Given, the extremes to find the *mean.*

Sen. Capital, Ned, for once! The *mean* verily! not even worthy of being recorded!

Tes. Very well. Chapter third will resume the same subject in another phase.

Ned Tes. As one is sure to find in the middle of any interesting story in an old magazine—

CHAPTER III.

Miseries of cities—noisome and noisy.—'Ere's a noise annoys the ears.—*Mutual* awkwardness, i. e., awkwardness that makes you all mute.—The difficulty of making some things *come to pass*.—Wakefulness. We only find oblivion when we wish—*to be remembered!*—*Cab*-bage, in the tailor sense. A fare presumption.—Flambeaux, i. e., fiery young gentlemen.—A new po(l)ker. A toss-up for choice of partners.—"Voices of the night." A feline misery, and a feelin' description of it.—When may a *story* be said to be "going the rounds"?—When the bricks it was built of are being brought down a ladder.—The folly of using an income for amusing a nincom.—Theatres, &c. Places of public *abusement*.—"Going to *ballet-hack*" not so easy for a common man as for a fool.—The misery of condolence.—Is it a bad box to have no box at all?—The close of the drama.

Tes. Welcome to New York, friend Sensitive! and still more welcome to this *quiet* room—can you hear me?

Sen. If I cannot, this constant and cheerful noise of carts and stages, which is said by some to favor conversation, will help me out, I suppose.

Tes. If a man must be stunned before he can hear, the deaf should lose no time in coming up to *here!* But how long have you been in this elysium of brick and mortar?—and what have you seen?

Sen. Seen!—I am so full of what I have *heard*, that I hardly know; for, of all my organs, my ear, I think, torments me most; and yet, I beg pardon of my *nose*, which, in New York, seems still more earnestly bent on my destruction.

Tes. I give you joy, however, for having found out *that;* there is some comfort in knowing which of your five servants is *least* busy in plotting against its master. As to me, the conspiracy is so nicely balanced among them, that I would

give half a dime to be able to determine the ringleader. All I know is, that whenever they may finish me, there will be some of my blood at each of their doors. But you seemed just now as if you were going to be very eloquent upon *noises* in particular. Any thing much worse than usual in that line?

Sen. O, yes, if possible. In an evil hour I lately changed lodgings, to escape from a brazier at the next door, who counted his profits so very distinctly upon the drums of my ears, that not thinking myself indemnified by the value of the intelligence for the loss of my hearing, I took wing at a moment's warning; the only consequence, however, has been that of exchanging one old enemy for a thousand new ones. What is a single brazier to a legion of brazen throats? But I anticipate—it is time to go to business, and I will lead the way, if you please, with a "misery" which will too fully answer your last question. (*Sensitive produces his memoranda and reads:*)

1. While you are harmlessly reading or writing in a room which fronts the street, being compelled to undergo a savage jargon of yells, bells, and screams:—

"Bombalio, clangor, stridor, tarantantara, murmur!"—

Ash-carmen, rag-carmen, charcoal-carmen——

Ned Tes. Carmen lamentabile, triste, lugubre——

Newsboys, scissors-grinders, or, to cap the climax, organ-grinders!

Ned Tes. Sharpeners of the *organ* of hearing, these last.

2. You have, all the while, no interest whatever in the uproar, except in the character of a sufferer. For even if you were anxious to buy what they are anxious to sell, you would be prevented by your incapability of acquiring even a smattering of the language in which their goods

Mutual awkwardness, i. e., awkwardness that makes you all mute.

are *uttered.* And thus is a new misery struck out for you, from your indignation at their distorted ingenuity in devising stratagems for their own ruin, which must be the direct consequence of their unintelligibility.

3. After walking in a great hurry to a place on very urgent business, by what you think a shorter cut, and supposing that you are just arriving at the door you want—"*No thoroughfare.*"

Sen. Not to mention the *misery* of turning back, splashing along at full speed, and fighting your way through the crowd; and all this, in order to go the longest way round, and be too late at last!

4. Stopping in the street to address a person whom you know rather too well to pass him without speaking, and yet not quite well enough to have a word to say to him—*he* feeling himself in the same dilemma—so that, after each has asked and answered the question, "How do you do, sir?" you stand silently face to face, apropos to nothing, during a minute, and then part in a transport of awkwardness.

5. Stumbling through New York streets in pumps (and the winter,) over hills of filthy snow, in the beginning of a great thaw, and occasionally passing over a wide, floated crossing, closely accompanied by a hopping sweeper, who whining begs *at* you all the way:—no penny.

6. A bad Sunday in the city.

7. Walking side by side with a cart containing a million of iron bars, which you must outbray, if you can, in order to make your companion hear a word you have further to say upon the subject you were earnestly discussing before you were joined by this infernal article of commerce.

8. While you are peaceably reading your paper at a coffee-house, two friends, perfect strangers to you, squatting themselves down at your right and left hand, and talking across you for an hour, over their private concerns.

9. While on a short visit on business—the hurry and ferment, the crossing and jostling, the missing and marring, which incessantly happen among all your engagements, purposes, and promises, both of business and

The difficulty of making some things *come to pass.*

pleasure, at home and abroad, from morning till midnight—obstacles equally perverse, unexpected, unaccountable, innumerable, and intolerable, springing up like mushrooms, through every step of your progress. Then, when you are at last leaving, on asking yourself the question whether any thing has been neglected or forgotten, receiving for answer—"Almost every thing!"

10. As you are walking with your charmer, meeting a drunken sailor, who, as he staggers by you, ejects his reserve of tobacco against the lady's drapery.

Now, is not this too much, sir?

Ned Tes. Yes, that's exactly what it is; and therefore you should have cried out in time—

"Ne QUID *nigh miss I*"

11. Walking briskly forwards, while you are looking backwards, and so advancing towards another passenger, who is doing the same; then, meeting with the shock of two battering-rams, which drives your whole stock of breath out of your body with the groan of a pavior:

——————————"ruinam
Dant sonitu ingentem, perfractaque....
Pectora pectoribus rumpunt." *

At length, after a mutual burst of execrations, you each move for several minutes from side to side, with the *same motion*, in endeavouring to pass on.

12. In going out to dinner, (already too late,) your carriage delayed by a *jam* of coaches—

Ned Tes.

Jam, jamque magis cunctantem!

Which choke up the whole street, and allow you at least an hour more than you require to sharpen your wits for table talk.

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* "Breast against breast, with ruinous assault
And deaf'ning shock, they come."

Wakefulness. We only find oblivion when we wish—*to be remembered!*

Ned Tes. You *went* to meat with friends—you *did* meet with obstructions!

13. On your entrance at a formal dinner party—in reaching up your hat to a high peg in the hall, bursting your coat, from the arm-hole to the pocket.

Tes. Aye—that comes of "appetens nimis ardua," you see.

14. On leaving the house, at which you have been visiting, finding that a rascal has taken your new hat, and left you his old one; which, on the one hand, either cuts to your skull, if you press it down, or barely perches on the tip of your head if you do not; or, on the other hand, wabbles over your eyes and ears, and keeps bobbing on your nose; to say nothing of wearing another man's hat, even if it fitted like a glove.

15. At night, after having long lain awake, nervous and unwell, with an ardent desire to know the hour, and the state of the weather, being, at last, delighted by hearing the watchman begin his cry, from which, however, he allows you to extract no more information than "past—clock—morning!" Then, after impatiently lingering through another hour for the sound of your own clock, (which had before been roared down by the watchman,) being roused to listen by its preparatory click and purr, followed by one stroke, which you are to make the most of, the rest being cut short by a violent fit of coughing, with which you are seized on the instant.

16. In attempting to pay money in the street—emptying your purse into the kennel—the wind taking care of all the *paper* money.

Ned Tes.

"The trembling *notes* ascend the sky!"—Alex. Feast.

17. Standing off and on in the street, for half an hour, (though in the utmost haste,) while the friend with whom you are walking talks to *his* friend, whom you meet, and to whose conversation you are delicately doubtful whether you ought to be a party.

18. The *un*intermitting fever into which you are thrown by being obliged to linger, the whole morning long, amongst a crew of "greasy

Cab-bage, in the tailor sense. A fare presumption.

rogues," in the outer room of a public office, from which you are called out the last, if, indeed, you are called out at all!

19. Chasing your hat, (just blown off in a high wind,) through a muddy street—a fresh gust always whisking it away at the moment of seizing it; when you have at last caught it, deliberately putting it on, with all its sins upon your head, amidst the jeers of the populace.

20. Going to the House of Representatives, in high expectation of an animated debate; and after standing, like an idiot, five hours in the lobby, and sitting five more in the gallery—no business done! Also, being repeatedly and roughly turned out of the gallery (like a dirty dog out of a parlor) on motions for executive session, or something else you don't understand; and as often shifted, on your return, to a worse place than you had before.

21. Running the gauntlet through South street, from Fulton to Whitehall.

22. Ditto through Fulton market, in the dog-days, the odors of the meat acting as a thermometer to the nose.

23. Accosting a person in the street with the utmost familiarity, shaking him long and cordially by the hand, &c., and at length discovering by his cold (or, if he is a fool, angry) stare, that he is not the man you took him for.

Sen. Or,—what is a somewhat similar source of agony—

24. Finding that the person with whom you thus claim acquaintance has entirely forgotten *you*, though you perfectly remember *him*.

Tes. Aye—as Persius says,

"Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te—sciat alter."*

25. On going in a coach to the depot, from which you are to set out on a long journey, being asked by the coachman three or four times more than his fare, which he knows you must pay, as you have not a moment's leisure

* "To know thyself is nothing unless others know thee."

Flambeaux, i. e., fiery young gentlemen.

to summon him at the time: while, on your return, it would be too late—in due consideration of all which, he further indulges himself in insolent language.

26. As you walk the streets on the evening of the 4th of July, a cracker thrown into your pocket by some mischievous little rascal, who instantly runs away; then, in your hasty attempt to snatch it out, feeling it burst in your hand, leaving your handkerchief in flames.

Tes. Yes, and leaving *you* in the flames, too, at being disappointed of your vengeance against the young villain :—

"Sævit atrox——nec teli conspicit unquam
Auctorem, nec quò se, *ardens*, immittere possit."—VIRG.

27. In taking out your money in an omnibus, dropping the greatest part of it (and all the gold) in the straw; then, after grubbing and fumbling after it for an hour, finding nothing but the gaping crevices through which it must have escaped.

28. Treading in a beautrap,* while in the act of gaily pausing to make a bow to some charming woman of your acquaintance, whom you suddenly meet, and to whom you liberally impart a share of the *jet d'eau*.

29. As you walk forth, freshly and sprucely dressed, receiving *in full*, at a sharp turning, the filthy flirtings of a wet broom.

Tes. Ah! the jade!—Juvenal had never been submitted to this mode of irrigation, when he said

"Nemo *repentè* fit *turpissimus*." †

30. A stripling at the next door *learning* to play upon the fife or fiddle, and (besides other enormities in his *practice*) catching, as you play them, all your favorite airs, which he returns to you in every possible key and time, excepting the right, and *not* excepting the night.

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* A stone, dry on top, but insecurely poised in a puddle of wet.

† "No one becomes vile instantaneously."

A new po (l) ker. A toss-up for choice of partners

31. As you are quietly walking along in the Bowery, finding yourself suddenly obliged, though your dancing days have been long over, to lead outsides, cross over, foot it, and a variety of other steps and figures, with mad bulls for your partners.

Ned Tes. The music being arranged for *horns.*

32. Being accelerated in your walk by the lively application of a hand-cart *a posteriori;* the "by your leave" not coming till after it is taken.

33. Your hat, and part of your head, poked off from behind, without notice or apology, by a huge beam, or sign, or ladder, a quarter of a mile in length, as its bearers blindly blunder along with it.

"GOING THE ROUNDS."

Sen. O, intolerable! A Quaker at court is far better off; for, though *his* hat is lugged off by others unceremoniously enough, yet, I understand, they always make a point of leaving *all the head* behind.

34. During the endless time that you are kept waiting at a door in a carriage, while the ladies are shopping, having your impatience soothed by the setting of a saw, close at your ear.

"Voices of the night." A feline misery, and a feelin' description of it.

Ned Tes.

"From the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all *saws*."—SHAK.

Sen. I have listened to those horrible things sometimes, till it seemed as if my ear would drop off.

Ned Tes. The saw-sir was *set* to *catch* your ear, in view of such a catastrophe, like the fish with his dish in the affecting history of the death of Cock Robin.

Sen. Speaking of catastrophe, reminds me of another hearing misery not uncommon in New York.

35. To be kept awake by a convivial party of cats making love on the house-tops, which they do in such a feline sort of way that it is difficult to distinguish it from making war. Then when you have borne it to the limit of mortal endurance, to get up and make a martyr of yourself in the cold, throwing away all your old boots and a hair-brush out of the scuttle without any permanent or visible effect.

Ned Tes. In such a case you would like to have had a *cat as trophy* to show for your exploit.

Sen. Many and various are the assaults peaceable sleep is subject to in the city. *I* never can get to sleep again after being once waked up.

Ned Tes. Yours is *not* a piece-able sleep then.

Sen. In view of that, no doubt, and to improve my habits of industry, fate has ordained that I should be roused at daylight every morning in the week except Sunday by the bell of a factory of some sort within two blocks of me.

Ned Tes. You do not know what sort of a factory it belongs to, except that it is not a *satis*-factory bell, I suppose.

Tes. Whenever there is an alarm of fire in our district, an infernal machine, manned, or rather *boy'd*, by a parcel of evil spirits, comes thundering past my door.

When may a *story* be said to be "going the rounds"?

Ned Tes. The engine is boy'd by the spirits, and the spirits are buoyed by the noise. The fact is, they make a regular frolic of it; so you can say you are roused by the *lark*, which is rather poetical.

Sen. I often think how natural it is that the owners of *those* voices should be firemen. It must excite tender reminiscences of the home of their fathers, and give them a vivid and realizing sense of their birthright, heritage, and ultimate destination—*for they must be fiends incarnate.*

Tes. Here is a misery that is of continual application in New York, where, as a general rule, they always tear down a house as soon as the mortar is dry with which it was built.

Ned Tes. Unless it tumbles down in the mean time—to the great relief of the owners, and the great disgust of the people inside.

36. Crouching and crawling through the scaffoldings, ladders, rubbish, flying smother, tumbling bricks, &c., of a house half pulled down—and all this without having made your will.

Ned Tes. With a possibility of being laid as low by the descent of a brick *on* your hat, as if the said "brick" were *inside* thereof.

Sen. And what a wretched spectacle a house in process of demolition is! It is a misery in itself to look at one. After the front has departed, the floors and sides remaining look like a gigantic set of shelves; and if it is a dwelling-house, it seems like witnessing a dissection, to see its penetralia uncovered and laid bare. Far up and conspicuous, all may gaze at the inside walls and paper-hanging, (hanging, indeed, now,) that have looked down silently on so many scenes in the domestic history of its successive occupants, and even the very fireplaces, still black with the smoke of the fuel that

When the bricks it was built of are being brought down a ladder.

warmed the inmates when the room had four sides and nobody could see into it!

Tes. That may all be very fine, but it is of more consequence to me that the lazy Irishmen, to save themselves a little trouble, have extended a pathway from the parlor windows to the top of their brick pile in the street, so that all persons must either dive under, like fish, or fly over, like birds, or walk round the brick pile in the mud like fools—though no *one* is enough interested to swear a complaint against them as a nuisance.

Ned Tes. Unless swearing profane oaths would answer.

Tes. And so here, I perceive, we are both shutting up our black books.

Sen. Yes. Well, then, Mr. Testy, are any of these adventures, think you, likely to remove the impressions under which we came together?

Tes. Remove them! I will soon show you my opinion on that point, by hurrying out of town to-morrow morning; for vile as the country is in most respects, yet, to give it its due, you can generally breathe the air—you can hear yourself speak, though there is nobody to speak to—there is no bad smell in some of the flowers—you can see an inch before your nose—and you can bear to look at your hands for at least half an hour after you have washed them. How hospitably the five senses are entertained in the city, we have pretty well seen.

Sen. But you know, Testy, we ought to look into the city's entertainments on the same principle that we used up the games, sports, and amusements out of town. Let us go and hunt them all up, and make a chapter of them.

Tes. Not I. I'm not going to make a martyr of myself to the cause. There are plenty of victims to the miseries of

The folly of using an income for amusing a nincom.

human life—involuntary ones. (*Aside, with a jerk over his shoulder meant to designate Mrs. T. and the nursery.* You know my outlays in that line must be multiplied by three or four.) No, no, Sensitive! I am *not* going to pay down one-half of my income to be able to say, from personal experience, that the pleasantest moment to be found in the pleasantest place of amusement, is that in which you emerge from the door—crowded, jammed, stunned, and painful though it be.

Ned Tes. With wrings on your fingers (and every where else) and belles on your toes, no doubt.

Sen. Well, I'll "sacrifice my private interest to the public good," as a desperate office-seeker always says on receiving a nomination he has tried for tremendously; *I'll* bell the cat; *I'll* make a crusader of myself—address myself to the task as heartily as may be—and throw myself into every breach.

Ned Tes. (*aside.*) A new style of dressing—*throwing* one's self into the *breeches.*

Tes. No, no! I have no idea of letting you perish untimely in that style, especially with our work only half done by being well begun. For such would be the effect of such a course of treatment.

Ned Tes. I wish some of my enemies would take a fancy to make a martyr of me *that same way.* I'd be resigned to visit all the public amusements in succession, if necessary.

Sen. O, don't be so much concerned about me. To be sure, I should be very miserable; but then, you know, if it was a duty—pious fortitude, &c.

Tes. Do not say any more about it, Sensitive, or I shall think the cause is in more danger of losing you in another

way. Let us set down what few miseries occur to us in that line, and let the rest go.

Ned Tes. If there was to *be* a chapter, I'd be the chap to do it, and *suffer* it.

37. After tremendous efforts to get up a party for the theatre, where there is a play only every other night, to find that you had made a mistake of *one day* in your calculations.

Ned Tes. "All work and *no play*," with a vengeance.

38. The first time of hearing an opera by a non-musical ear, when it is "all sound and fury, signifying nothing"—except an air or two you have heard before.

Ned Tes. There are some operas a little misnamed. For *opera*, read *uproar.*

39. On going to the play to see a favorite performer, to be told, at the drawing up of the curtain—as you had augured from the rueful bow of the speaker—that he, or she, is suddenly taken ill, or dead, and that Mr. ———, or Miss ———, the hacks of the house, has kindly undertaken to try to read the part at five minutes' notice.

40. In the pit, at the opera, a broad-shouldered fellow, seven feet high, seated immediately before you during the whole of the ballet.

41. While sitting in a front row of the front boxes, during the deepest part of the tragedy, yourself and friends suddenly required to stand up and crowd back upon each other, while you hold up the seat for a large party in procession, who take up twenty minutes in getting down to their places, in one of which you had seated yourself by mistake, and consequently are now turned out, and have to tread back your way into the lobby, over the laps of ladies, without a chance for another seat.

42. At a concert, as you are preparing to listen to one of the Nightingale's best songs, being suddenly environed by a crew of savages, whose laughter and gabble are all that you are allowed to hear.

43. After the ballet, on a raw, wet night, with a party of ladies—

"Going to *ballet-hack*" not so easy for a common man as for a fool.

fretting and freezing in the outer lobbies and at the street-doors of the theatre, among cabmen and other human refuse, in endless attempts to find out your carriage, which, when found at last, cannot be drawn up nearer than a furlong from the door.

44. Pushing *in* with an immense crowd at a narrow door, through which such another crowd is pushing *out*:—thermometer at 95 or '6.

45. After the play, to be detained with your party in the house, on a frosty night, till the last of the company, as well as of the lights, are *gone out*.

46. Your feelings put to the rack throughout the most moving scenes of a deep tragedy by a riotous rascal in the upper gallery, who will not, for a moment, suffer his neighbors to cry in peace; while you are perpetually tantalized with neglected proposals from the tender-hearted part of the audience to "throw him over!"

47. Your opera-glass—which had been perfectly clear while there was nothing in the house worth spying at—becoming obstinately dim at the moment when you have pointed it towards an enchanting creature who has just entered.

48. Sitting on the last row and close to the partition of an upper box at a pantomime, and hearing all the house laughing around you, while you strain your wrists, neck, and back with stretching forward—in vain.

49. In the pit, at the opera, turning briskly round, on hearing a box-door open close by you, in hopes of feasting your eyes on some young angel whom you expect to appear, and beholding, instead of her, that sort of hideous, old, crabbed-looking crone of fashion, whose face is as full of wrinkles as her head is of diamonds.

Ned Tes.

"Who, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in her head."—SHAK.

50. Those parts of the entertainment at the circus which do *not* consist of pranks or horsemanship.

The misery of condolence.

51. Sitting with an excruciating headache to see a vile play acted by viler performers, for the eighth or tenth time, in a crowded back row, with a dull party, in August.

Sen. To be one of a *frightfully* small number gathered to witness any exhibition, is worse than almost any crowd. In fact, to be present at any conspicuously unsuccessful public effort is one of my most uncomfortable experiences. The fates seem not to be satisfied with making man uncomfortable on his own account, but he must be uncomfortable for all the world, and without doing all the world any good thereby!

Tes. Sympathy in cases of mortification is a great blunder, but not a very common one.

Sen. No mistake could be greater than to suppose that condolence is any alleviation of that sort of unhappiness. For if you analyze matters closely, you will find that the fear of having excited that sentiment is the very thing that distresses. Any one can stand brutal, open-mouthed ridicule, but the suspicion of an effort at considerate self-restraint in others (no matter how successful) is torture to the person out of regard for whom it is exercised.

52. The endless interval which sometimes passes between the play and farce, and this while you are sitting by a lady whom you consider it as your duty to entertain, but who does not consider it as *her* duty to be entertained, and still less, to requite your attempts in kind.

53. Wading through those gossiping scenes of a play in which the lackeys and waiting-maids lay their heads together about the plans and characters of their masters and mistresses; or that part of the opera in which Signor ——— and Signora ——— (*we all know who*) fill up the void, while the stars are refreshing themselves behind the scenes.

54. After having paid a high premium for a place in some concert

Is it a bad box to have no box at all?

where seats are in great request, to find that it has been disposed of, *by mistake*, to the Hon. Mr. ———, or General somebody. Then, to be offered, on application to the managers, the money they received for the place—not by any means the money you paid to the speculator you bought your ticket of.

Ned Tes. Your title (to the place) was good; but the General's (to his name) was more potent.

Tes. I can't think you have chosen your *happiest misery* for the last, or, rather, I won't allow it to be any misery at all; for as *your* pleasure must have lain in getting out of these enchanting places as fast as possible, (though for a particular purpose you had bound yourself to go into them,) you ought, I think, to have considered it as a high stroke of good luck to have thus reconciled the satisfaction of having attempted to do your duty, with the still higher satisfaction of leaving it undone. For—to fetch a parallel case out of the Roman history—if old Regulus's opinion could be taken upon his own affair, I fancy he would tell us that, though he thought it became him to keep his word by returning to Carthage, for the purpose of occupying that *teizing tub* which the carpenter had fitted up for his reception, he would have been quite as well pleased if he had found, on his arrival, that it had just been let out, "by mistake," to another gentleman!

Sen. Capital! But you've not heard my last yet.

55. To finish off an evening spent in delights of this sort by coming home to a house closed to any appeal you can make.

Ned Tes. A peal or a score of peals, on bell and knocker included.

56. Windows fly up, and alarmed faces in hideous nightcaps crop out on all sides. Every body seems to be awake except the servant who sat up by the kitchen fire to admit you. *He*, in the mean time, is just dream-

The close of the drama.

ing that *he* has been to the theatre, and is trying to knock up the house to let *him* in. This goes on of course indefinitely. The time seems interminable. Your patience is exhausted, and your demonstrations become more and more forcible; but the resounding blows only enter into their appropriate niches in the sleeper's dream; and he has the impudence to get quite angry in it, that nobody pays any attention to him!

Ned Tes. I should be tempted to put an end to my sufferings by an appeal to

"THE STATUTE OF LIMB-HIT-ATIONS."

Miseries of travelling. "Voyager c'est vivre."

CHAPTER IV.

Miseries of travelling. "Voyager c'est vivre."—Literal people a pest. A dig at the dignitaries.—Travelling preliminaries. Pick up and pack up.—Pilgrim's Progress. Boxing the clothes and closing the box.—Obliging friends, i. e., friends who oblige you to accommodate them.—A memorandum-book,—"Though lost to sight, to memory dear."—The poetical "bark," like Peruvian bark, nauseous enough in reality.—A *post mortem* examination connected with the *dead letter* office.—Railroads, beginning with a depot-sition on the nuisance of starting.—The whistle—a car-tune preliminary to a picture of despair.—*Inn* for it, with a vengeance.—A stir-up to the placidity of your temper, already saddley tried.—Drivers. The only stage-managers who don't get disgusted with the dram(a).—The pest—the dam-pest of damp sheets.—"I love a softer *climb*" than the upper berth, "Gents' Cabin."—Transpositions, a new epidemic. Inoculation for the reader.—Mean imposition—not in position to be resented.—*Light* is the smoker's care if he only has a cigar!—A feet-id odor. What boots it to complain?—"Pleasure rowed a fairy-boat." What rode a ferry-boat?—Cattle damages. The joint-stock having to pay for the disjointed.—Official appointments. Miserable *sticks* elevated to responsible *posts*.

Sen. It is an uncommonly pleasant thing to dream of travelling. To lie down after dinner and read yourself to sleep, and dream of going over the prairies to the Rocky Mountains, if the book is Irving's Astoria; of exploring the Holy Land, if it is Stephens's; or of going to England, if you are reading, or ever have read *any thing*. To dream of all this, I say, has as little of misery in it, and therefore would seem about as barren ground for the research particularly allotted to us, as any state of existence in the whole unhappy round of human experience. But

"Das ungluck schreitet schnell,"

Misfortune courses fast. It seems like tempting Providence—like making a jest of misfortune—this journeying mentally

Literal people a pest. A dig at the dignitaries.

and self-indulging corporeally, for we do not know how soon we may be on a real journey!

Tes. Yes; it is like playing with edge tools, (which an old adage warns *nearly* all humanity against,) to allow such thoughts to come into your head. You may unguardedly think aloud.

Ned Tes. Which is *not* allowed in good society.

Tes. Suppose you say, "I'll go to Oregon—to Petra—to Oxford," and are overheard by one of those pests of society, *literal people*, you may set it down as a fixed fact, that you *are going*, and that the sooner it is, the sooner he will stop asking you when it is to be.

Sen. Do you know, Testy, I had fixed on that very species of the genus bore for a "misery?" A jackass, who can allow no figure of speech which cannot be mathematically demonstrated by figures of arithmetic—who is always ready to spoil a good after-dinner story, no matter of how little consequence to the company is its correctness, or even veracity—

Ned Tes. "Scourge of the *dessert*," such a man might be called, in Arabian metaphor.

Sen. Ready and willing to restrain the laugh, while he asks an explanation of some inconsistency the relator is perfectly willing the hearer should arrange to suit himself.

Tes. And a laugh *laid on the table* in that way is as effectually spoiled, lost, annihilated, dead and buried and forgotten, as a resolution of inquiry into some abuse laid on the table of the Board of Aldermen.

Sen. "Good friend, for *mercy's* sake forbear!" Let us allot, in some proper place, *ten chapters* to an epitome of the subjects of complaint connected with the misgovernment of the city of New York. When you get on that board, we are afloat—

Ned Tes. The board of *Alder*-men ought to contain the *pith* of the city.*

Sen. And when we board the common council, our chapter of travelling miseries is "lodged and done for" indefinitely. Shun the flattering contest; strive against the temptation as you would against a pestilence, or, rather, as *they* would—i. e., by running resolutely away. Let us plunge *in medias res* of the subject in hand, which is certainly a rich enough "gulch." Pack up! There's a mine of discomfort in the very sound. All those little nothings that make up the life of the sedentary—that are good enough for the habit-life—the anxious glance of the prospective traveller sees grow three years older in a single morning; and this metamorphosis is the first phenomenon you perceive by the "extended views" you set out to acquire.

Tes. I find, and I suppose every one finds, on getting ready for a journey, that there is scarcely an article of personal property that would not be indispensable in some juncture which his imagination conjures up.

Sen. Certainly. But at the same time he *won't* have much baggage—that every man determines just as regularly as he resolves he *won't* be sea-sick, and is just as regularly made to eat his words.

Ned Tes. An uncommonly nauseous diet they make—especially in the case of sea-sickness.

Sen. The progress of your ideas in regard to incumbrances is reluctantly onward. Even after having built chimerical hopes on drawers your state-room will put at your dis-

* We must respectfully suggest to Mr. T. that *pith* is contained in the Elder-tree, and not in the Alder or Birch—though the Birch is often capable of pithy application to any particular subject in hand, as Ned had, no doubt, learned in the school of experience—or the experience of school.

Pilgrim's Progress. Boxing the clothes and closing the box.

posal, the list of indispensables is scarcely diminished. You finish by classing the major part of your effects in an enormous box—if you are so *unfortunate* as to have one. If you have none, you leave half your trash behind, and are as much better off, as "Christian" is, when he starts to go up the "Hill Difficulty," when Bunyan makes his bundle drop off.

Ned Tes. A modern pedestrian would rather keep the bundle and make the bunnions drop off.

Sen. When, by the help of "the cook and all hands" and knees, you shut the blessed chest, you have still a sinister

THE CLOSING SCENE.

Obliging friends, i. e., friends who oblige you to accommodate them.

after-thought left by your victory. How would you have done in a continental inn, left to your own resources?

Tes. Now, let me suggest. Suppose a friend comes in, to your confusion, and inquires if it would be too much to ask you to take charge of a parcel for him—very light. You see no parcel, and therefore conclude it is in his pocket, and hold out your hand for it, with every protestation of pleasure. "Very light," he adds, "but a little voluminous." But since you are so *very* kind, he calls in his man with an enormous bandbox large enough for three hats and feathers! "It's only some Paris fashions that my wife does not like, and would be extremely obliged if you would carry back to Rue Quelquechose, and get 157 francs. She is sure you will have but little trouble, as the people were very polite, and, at any rate, they distinctly promised to take them back." *There* is a pleasant *vista* opening before you! A fine opening for a rising young man to make himself generally useful, and no salary given! A wild-goose chase—

Ned Tes. For a goose with ostrich feathers she does not like. A chase where you *make game* of yourself for the sport of the spectators.

Sen. There is nothing to do in such cases but "grin and bear it," as I know by the sad experience of a bachelor—the public servant, "because he's got no family to take care of."

Tes. You literally grin and bear it—turn to your memorandum-book, commonplace-book, or what not—feigning a polite contentment—

Ned Tes. Feigning outwardly, but *pro*faning inwardly—putting on *a* grin to conceal *cha*grin.

Tes. You turn to your book to take down his directions, or rather, turn to—look for it. It is lost, as a matter of course. When, at last, your assistant begins to have a dim idea that

A memorandum-book—"Though lost to sight, to memory dear."

you are looking for the little green book with the string round it, "O, it's safe," he says, "in the big chest, at the very bottom!"

Sen. Ha, ha, ha!

Tes. Your little book—your only hope and dependence! With "mems" to be used before you set out, and every day from that till the one you get home again!

There is a certain bland and placid expression that despair can give as well as content, and *that* is the look you give the big chest to be opened and unpacked again!

Sen. Now suppose that, after taking out every article without producing the book, you spy it *behind* the trunk, where it has lain all the time: how infinitely it adds to your rage to find that your pains have been bootless!

Ned Tes. I should be tempted to try whether my boots would be painless, applied to the carcass of the fellow that made me the trouble—and the assistant *to boot.*

Sen. The only redeeming feature about these preliminary annoyances is, that if they accomplish the end you *fear*, they do you a positive benefit. When you drive tearing down to the dock, and see the steamer gliding complacently down the stream, out of your reach, you are positively *better* off than if you had got off, by double the amount of the passage-money you have paid and forfeited. Your disappointed, *balked* feeling will not let you think so; but we'll prove it, unavoidably and incontestably prove it, before we mark off half the catalogue of the "Miseries of Travelling."

Ned Tes. Still, it is not pleasant, when you wish to be *right, ahead,* to be *left, behind.* It's the *contrary.*

Sen. Being left behind before you set out, saved you from a dozen or so of similar experiences before you would have got back.

The poetical "bark," like Peruvian bark, nauseous enough in reality.

Tes. How sea-sick to-day is the man who sailed yesterday!

Ned Tes. "His *bark* is on the sea." And he is "sick as a dog," of course. Hydrophobia, too, or madness of water —disgust at water and every thing connected therewith.

Sen. "Mens *insana* in corpore *insano*."

Ned Tes. Construe that, "wretched souls in retching bodies," and you furnish the faculty with very fair Latin for sea-sickness.

Tes. But suppose we stop the mortar and start the bricks.

1. To enter a continental cathedral with the sole object of hearing the music, and then to find that the price you have to pay is, attendance on a *mass* of mummery from which you have no escape and which seems to have no end.

Ned Tes. The Te Deum of the choir not sufficing to relieve the tedium of the other exercises.

2. In London—noticing a slight surprise or disposition to laugh, in the company where you deliver your first letter of introduction, on casually mentioning the locality you must seek to deliver your second.

3. To hear the H———d quoted as authority, and then to hear your indignant disclaimer civilly attributed to party hatred, "which runs so high in America."

4. To be pestered with meeting, time after time, as you go through England, a low-bred, drawling, spitting countryman and ship companion of your own, who started at the same time, and to see about the same things, and who, therefore, seems to be your fate. Wherever you go—to the top of St. Paul's, he is there; to the bottom of the lowest mine in Wales, there he is, that indefatigable man; until you ask him, in desperation, all the places he is going to, in order that you may stay away.

Tes. Then, suppose he mistakes your question for a wish for his company, and answers that he'll go whichever way you want. Not petikler.

A *post mortem* examination connected with the *dead letter* office.

5. To have your inadvertent use of "right away" for "directly" noticed by an ignorant Cockney, who says, "We never do those kind of thing in Hingland, you know," and who would not hesitate to ask you to "ang up your at on an ook in the all."

6. Entering France with the idea that you have a fair practical knowledge of French, and then finding your only difficulties to be, that you cannot understand what anybody says, and that nobody can understand what you say.

7. Finding that you had been addressing a charming Frenchwoman all the evening by a word which had an absurd meaning in her language, but which you mistook for her name.

8. To be eternally disappointed in receiving letters.

Sen. I can give you an aggravation of that.

9. After having, with all possible care, sent a letter on shore by the pilot, giving full directions, as you had agreed with your friends, where to address, &c., to wait week after week without a line, and then, when you *do* seize the welcome envelope and tear it open, to find it a notice from the postmaster, that if you will send eightpence to prepay the letter signed by your name, it shall be forwarded to its destination!

Sen. That bloody pirate—pilot I mean—had kept the whole halfcrown, instead of prepaying, as he promised!*

Ned Tes. I should say that *that* pilot was a lineal descendant from Pontius!

Sen. Possibly. But if Pontius Pilate washed his hands, the habit certainly did not run in the family, according to *my* observation.

Tes. As for railroads, they deserve an encyclopedia of miseries for themselves.

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* A personal reminiscence of the Am. Ed.

Railroads, beginning with a depot-sition on the nuisance of starting.

Sen. So they do. The Anti-renters very properly consider *riding on a rail* the proper accompaniment of tarring and feathering; and I shrewdly suspect the analogy holds good—that riding on *two* rails is just twice as uncomfortable.

Tes. I'll start, if you like. But don't suppose that I'm going abroad for railway miseries. We may as well begin with the —— ——— R. R. For *starting*, that offers unparalleled attractions. After you get fairly on the rails, it is only *inevitably* uncomfortable, but the outset is unnecessarily so.

Ned Tes. The corporations probably, (as an exception to the general rule,) have a soul, and their sole object is to save any one from unnecessary *rail-ing*.

10. On getting out of your carriage in a pouring rain—

Ned Tes. (Poor plan to set out when the rains set in.)

—there being no shelter to drive under to contest the hackman's charge, you are cheated as a matter of course.

To find, on rushing at the little, unprotected door, through a melée of express wagons, orange-women, tall hotel stages, &c., that two solid feet, human, occupy every superficial foot of floor in the little, whitewashed, tobacco-smeared sentry-box that serves for ticket-office, baggage-room and passenger-room; leaving you the alternative of standing on the toes of one of the said feet (human) or on your dignity outside in the rain, while you watch quitting the other shore the boat supposed, by courtesy, to be on hand to meet you. And this road averages thirty-six trains a day over part of its rails! *

11. On the —— ——— R. R. On arriving at the one hundred and third stopping-place, with one house in it and one road leading to it, and one passenger and one bundle of onions waiting on the platform: to ask

* A new depot is since built.

The whistle—a car-tune preliminary to a picture of despair.

the conductor, confidentially, how many more there are of the same sort before you will reach your destination—and to be told, confidentially, that *he does not know.*

12. To get on an overloaded ——— train, and see envyingly various pedestrians walking by you on the other track, remarking with a bland smile, that they would stop and join you but that they are in a great hurry.

13. On the —— R. R. Before setting out, to have your friends, with meaning looks, take an affectionate farewell of you, and then to sit by a man who details to you the particulars of all the accidents as you pass the scene of each.

14. A car window that will not be put up when it is down, nor down when it is up.

15. Attempting to pencil memoranda at high speed, with a single piece of paper placed in the palm of your left hand.

16. Riding in a close car, to raise incautiously the streaming window, and feel a great cinder dash into your eye—(subitò oculis objicitur monstrum)—then, after carrying it home in an agony and sitting for an hour while the socket is rummaged with the corner of a handkerchief—your eye left sorer than ever; the metal appearing to have grown into a *mine* since it first dug its pit there.

17. While standing on a platform, to be startled by a proposal of the conductor to "put you out," and to find that he only meant, jocosely, to put out a cinder which had burnt a hole in your great-coat, about as large as a dollar—bill.

18. Standing up at a "R. R. Restaurant" to get *a dinner* (*!*) and as soon as you have got something better than you expected, and paid for it, to be called away by the accursed "HOOT! HOOT!" of the locomotive, and "all aboard" from the conductor. It is a slight enhancement to find, when you have got into your seat, that it was the signal of a train going the other way, and that you *would have had* plenty of time—a decided enhancement to find, when you had supposed it was the other train, that it was yours, now fast quickening its pants in the distance.

Inn for it with a vengeance.

Ned Tes. I think I should quicken *my* pants, and trot after it.

19. To be made the victim of one of those new and splendid combinations by which they give you a check to the end of your journey, and take charge of your baggage, and you don't see it again till you arrive at your destination—*if then.*

Ned Tes. In other words, they check your trunks to the end of the route, but do not check them when they get there, so they go on indefinitely.

20. To spend your time and money to get back your wardrobe——

Ned Tes. Instituting one suit for the recovery of many——

——To recover damages and buy a new outfit; and then to have the company find your trunk, and *take back their money.*

21. To have your friends, instead of condoling with you on this loss, or any other, all ask with one voice, why you didn't do this and why you didn't do that, and why you didn't do the other!

22. In the room of a country tavern, to which you are condemned by floods, or indisposition, or something inevitable, to find yourself reduced to the following *delassemens de cœur.* First, for the morning: lying on the old rectangular horse-hair sofa, without cushions, and with every place where a head could possibly be laid, worn ragged, and frayed out, so that each particular horse-hair appears emulous of adding to your scanty locks by firmly implanting itself in your baldest and tenderest spot. Trying, in this agreeable situation, to squeeze out something more from the only paper you could get, to while away a ten hours' car-ride the day before. Then turning to your surroundings for consolation—the whitewash peeling off the ceiling (hang the rhymes), and the blue and yellow paper fly-trap hung in the middle, which appears to have done its duty most *punctiliously* by the innumerable points and exclamation marks on it. Then for the twentieth time you look at the wretched prints and ornaments hung round the room—female personifications of the four seasons, or "Maria,"

A stir-up to the placidity of your temper, already saddley tried.

"Jane," or "Ellen," &c., daubed over any how with red, purple, or raspberry cream colors: or "The Lovers' Parting," and "The Lover's Return,"—in each of which a sailor, with head and pantaloon legs of the largest size, (the latter an immense distance apart,) is seen within four steps of his boat's crew, unceremoniously embracing a young lady, whose dress matches so exactly with his hat as to appear to be off the same piece: and a copy of the Declaration of Independence, with portraits of the Presidents down to the last but four. After getting all this by heart, you ask, in desperation, for some books, which, when brought, turn out to be "Village Hymns;" three or four wrecks of different spelling-books; half a magazine in which every piece is "to be continued;" an abridged abridgment of the History of the United States in questions and answers, with half the leaves torn out, and the other half illegible from thumbing; an old edition of American Railway Statistics; &c., &c.; in each of which you try a few pages, nod over them till nine o'clock at night, and then retire to bed in a blue cloud of disgust, to hear the rain beat on the shingles till near twelve, before sleep blesses your weary mind and nervous and unweary body.

Tes. "O horror, horror, horror, horror, horror!" I can never hope to go beyond this; and yet the following would have made no bad figure, had it stood by itself:

23. In a summer excursion with a delightful party, having one "black sheep" in your flock, who, though he obtruded himself on the company, neither enjoys fine scenery, joins in your gayety, can put up with inconveniences on the road, nor will take himself off.

24. The flap of a limber saddle rolling up, and galling and pinching your calf just above the boot, during a long day's ride over Michigan roads.

25. A very high, hard trotting horse, who sets off before you have discovered that the stirrups are too long to assist you in humoring his gait:—then trying in vain to stop him.

26. At the moment when your horse is beginning to run away with you; losing your stirrup, which bangs your instep raw as often as you attempt to catch it with your foot.

Drivers. The only stage-managers who don't get disgusted with the dram(a).

27. Or; being mounted on a beast who, as soon as you have watered him in the road, very coolly proceeds to repose himself in the pond without taking you at all into his counsel, or paying the slightest attention to your vivid remonstrances on the subject; and then, after he has taken his roll, getting on the wet saddle in cold blood. *A horse that balks when he is whipped.*

28. Or; riding out to dinner, many miles off, on a beast that will not quit his walk, while you know that nothing short of a gallop will save your time; no spurs, and nothing in your hand but a weak stick, which you presently reduce to a *flail*, and this you are constrained to use more gently than ever, for fear of reducing it to a stump, though the animal would take more whipping than ever, if you had it to give.

29. Starting for an open ride to an evening engagement, in a mist which successively becomes a mizzle, a drizzle, a shower, a rain, a torrent. On arriving at the house at last, you have to beg the favor of making yourself look like a full sack (or an empty one) by wearing your host's intractable clothes.

30. On your return from an excursion to the lakes, &c., being asked by the first friend you meet, how you were struck with ———, naming the most celebrated spot on the tour; *the* one, however, which by some villainous mischance you did *not* see.

31. On Western roads again. The attempt you make to sleep in a stage wagon under the following *lulling* circumstances.—*Resting* your head, with a new hat on it, against a side-post, from which it is incessantly cuffed and bumped away by the jumps and jolts of the springless, shackling machine; your knees miserably cramped; your opposite neighbor continually bobbing forward in *his* sleep and in *your* stomach—being waked from any momentary doze by the rascally driver stopping at every tavern to make himself drunker and drunker: then just as you are at last sinking into something very like a nap, you are waked up by the daybreak to find that you are just taking leave of a beautiful country, through which you have been stealing all night; and entering on a dull, barren flat, which continues through the day, as it had done through the day before.

The pest—the dam-pest of damp sheets.

Sen. Your far-west journey gives us a host of good old standard miseries that one might have travelled a lifetime on the new-fangled plans without ever dreaming of.

Tes. Not because there is not as plentiful a supply now as ever, but because there are so many new ones, that no one head can contain them all *in addition* to the old.

Sen. Steamboats are my particular and especial bane. *Consequently* it seems as if there never was any land between me and the place I want to go to. There is a large assortment of sore discomforts fresh and green (*gangrene*) in my memory. For instance:

32. Enjoying

"A wet sheet"

without any

"flowing sea,"

or any thing else in the least romantic. *Rheumatic* is a better word for the feeling, as if, when you have laid yourself into your little flat shelf, you had got between two newspapers fresh from the press, or were *half* trying the water cure, viz., taking the wet sheet without any blanket pack outside of it.

33. After having been kept awake most of the trip by this and other discomforts, to be waked out of your only nap by the steward's bell and a raging headache, to hold a colloquy somewhat like the following with your conscience and sense of duty:

"Mane, piger, stertis:—Surge! inquit; eja
Surge!—Negas.—Instat: surge! Inquit:—non queo:
surge!"*—Pers.

* You, snoring, dream till noon:—"Up! up!" he cries:
No, no.—"Yes! yes! get up!"—I can't.—"Rise! rise!"

"I love a softer *climb*" than the upper berth, "Gents' Cabin."

Tes. That's misery enough of itself, heaven knows; but here is *something* in addition.

34. After rushing ashore in a most uncomfortable hurry—cravat and coat over your arm, drawer-strings hanging out, and collar lost—to find, as the boat disappears, that you have stopped at the wrong place—that two landings farther on is where your friends are waiting for you.

35. To climb into an upper berth during a long moonlight-night trip on the Hudson; knowing that, sleepy as you are, you may look forward to listening to the boots of that crazy race who *look at views*, within an inch and three quarters of the end of your nose for the rest of the night.

Ned Tes.

"He thought as he hollowed his narrow bed,
And punched up his meagre pillow,
How the foe and the stranger should tread o'er his head,
As he sped on his way o'er the billow."—WOLFE (altered).

36. To go to Albany by steamboat. Or rather, to *start* for Albany, which, heaven knows, is a very different thing in these days; and it's all you can calculate on.

37. To find that you have mistaken end for end of the diagram in selecting your berth, and instead of getting the hindmost, you have secured, with great pains, the state-room between the cylinders and the wheel. Your good-humor and self-gratulation are vastly enhanced if it happens to be an *ice night*—the first trip breaking up in the spring—during the whole of which, each particular float keeps up one uncompromising roar!

Tes. Mrs. T. and myself once occupied a room under some such circumstances, when a cake of ice came bodily through the thin partition, and rested against the lower berth!

Ned Tes. Then, no doubt, mother treated the passengers to an ice cream, (or an ice scream, or a nice scream.)

Sen. I wish you could learn to confine your puns to the

dead languages, Ned. However, bad puns deserve a conspicuous place among the miseries of life, so you are always adding to our common stock.

Tes. Do you know, Sensitive, these wretched transpositions, that just now infest the land like the frogs in Egypt, threaten to become a permanent plague, compared to which puns were as Christmas presents for rarity and agreeableness. A rod (of correction) that will swallow up puns, as Aaron's rod swallowed the Sorcerers'.

Ned Tes. Which put him at least a rod ahead of his competitors.

Sen. Think of a man blandly looking in your face, and asking you to vote the "Tig Whicket," or take "a scottle of Botch Ale!"

Tes. Even my next-but-one-to-youngest has learned to say he's "feak and weeble," as an excuse for laziness when he wants me to carry him.

Sen. Even that is not the worst of it. If people want to make such besotted fools of *themselves*, why let them. But the plague is infectious. I caught *myself* making one as I polished my hat the other day preparatory to going out. Said I, "Why should every housekeeping outfit contain a hat-brush?" Because, by merely turning it round, you can make a *brat hush!*

"Is it a dream? or am I still a child?"—

a drivelling infant in arms—a babe at the breast!

Ned Tes. (*aside.*) Ha ha ha, ha ha ha!!

Tes. (*disdainfully.*) It's base flattery to call such things *childish!*

Sen. Talking of children brings us back to the lesson for the day, travelling miseries; through association with one of the

Mean imposition—not in position to be resented.

numerous annoyances of omnibus riding—numerous in proportion to the number of their inevitable sufferers; contrary to the invariable rule of the *good things* of this life, which are plentiful in *inverse* proportion to the number of their partakers.

38. Sitting in an omnibus next to a maudlin mother, with a sick, but not silent, infant—windows all as tight as wax for the poor child's sake!

Tes. "Quodcunque ostendis mihi *sick* (O that I could add *incredulous!*) odi."*

39. To drop your gold dollar exactly in the middle of the charmed circle of straw that your vis-à-vis has been *playing the American tune*† on to your great disgust during your ride.

40. To see a lady enter the stage with two children, take seats near the door, and make no motion to vacate either of the three places while the stage fills up; and then, near the end of the route, ask *you* to hand up *sixpence* to the driver, while she hastily gets out!

Tes. I assure you the most unmitigated mental misery in all my experience is the uncomfortable, effectless anger excited by witnessing little selfish impositions practiced *on others*, for which reason, if for no other, I have no right to interfere, and nothing to do but smother the spontaneous tendency to exclaim against them.

Sen. For instance, to see, as we three did, the other evening, on arriving late at a party, two or three specimens of Young America, snickering, empty into their own pockets

* "Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic incredulus odi."—Hor.
That which you thus make known to me, disbelieving, I hate.

† A spit-toon.

Light is the smoker's care if he only has a cigar!

the cigar-case provided in the dressing-room for the departing guests!

Tes. That reminds me of a most enraging predicament to a smoker in the country, without a waking man, woman, or child, for miles around.

41. Setting out for a long night walk, in which the prospect of two good cigars is the only friendly element, (the other elements having all conspired against you,) you find with pleasure *one* match left. After every precaution you scrape it. It does not take. You strike again, harder. It cracks down by the end. Once more you take hold of the very tip and scrape long and well. It lights, and you cautiously remove your fingers to the upper part, and the burning speck drops off in the wet grass, and looks up for a moment

"Darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,"

and then you see nothing but the green spot gathered in your eyes by looking at it so intently!

A MATCH FOR ANYTHING. (Anything for a match.)

A feet-id blast. What boots it to complain?

Sen. Hard enough. We find it difficult to stick to the road when there are so many gardens of passion-flowers on every side. Let us finish up our travelling miseries after this one which belongs to the little selfishnesses we were speaking of.

42. To have a lady, whose company you are in, complain to the shop-owner of a clerk in a case where he is right and she is wrong.

Tes. A trying dilemma, certainly. Now for the omnibuses once more. They cannot be exhausted yet.

43. To take the seat by an end window, and be regaled with a fresh breeze, tinctured with the boots of a stable friend of the driver's, seated on the top with his feet hanging over.

44. After rushing forward, on account of the great haste you are in, past one stage to catch the one ahead of it, to see the last become first and the first last; the other omnibus passing you, while your rascally driver waits for a load, answering all your remonstrances with as many *ruses*, to make you think he is going on: pulling up suddenly, as if called by a passenger in the distance, and standing as long as he dares for fear of your finding out that his passenger is a myth—a creature of his imagination; then, just as you are going to get out, he swings open the door to let the myth get in. Nobody comes, and he slowly pulls the strap and goes on, to show you how exceedingly slow an omnibus horse can trot. Soon, however, you hear indications that he is going to pull up again.

Ned Tes. Which only bring new conviction to your ears that "Wo" is the lot of wayfarers in this world.

45. This time, however, you think you know a trick worth two of that, and begin a storm by telling him so, among other things; interrupted by the entrance of a real passenger, an elegant lady acquaintance, who must have heard the whole of your tirade.

46. Calling loudly, "Your stage is full, driver!" with a dignified look at the intruder, and then finding that there are but five on your side.

"Pleasure rowed a fairy-boat." What rode a ferry-boat?

47. For a stranger in the city: to get carefully into the right line of stages, and not find out that it is one going the wrong way, till on reaching Forty-second street he asks innocently, "Is this the South Ferry?"

Sen. One more, and then "Omnibus finis venit."*

48. A long ride on a hot day, when the only indication of a breeze is a little puff of dust in your face now and then.

Ned Tes. Perhaps there is no wind: but "de gust-ibus non est disputandum."

50. To be detained by the ferry-boat's running aground or getting into tribulation of some sort, within twenty feet of the dock, there to wait till the tide rises.

Ned Tes. Tied up in one sense, waiting for tide up in another.

51. While congratulating yourself on having caught the last boat going over, to fall asleep, and *stay so* till the boat has started to go back.

Ned Tes. Unlike Charon's ferry-boat, which never by any mistake brings you back, and to whom Styx in the mud can be no impediment.

Sen. That is a full-grown misery in itself; with the prospect before you of staying in the dark, dusty ferry-room all night, till the woman comes to clean it out in the morning; or, at best, of going to a miserable wharf-hotel for a lodging: and the *retrospect* of such *ineffable* stupidity as the cause of your dilemma. Now, suppose that the boat is unfortunately just at that distance as to leave you in doubt as to whether it was a space for jumping, but no doubt as to whether there was space for deliberation. You jump——IN, (water 31 de-

* To all things comes an end.

Cattle damages. The joint-stock having to pay for the disjointed.

grees, as near as may be,) and are fished out, half insensible, with a ruined watch and suit of clothes, and *without* a hat, ruined or otherwise.

Tes. Well, I'm glad our business is only to give the pains of each description of travelling, and not to decide which may claim the most.

Sen. I stick to the steamboat.

Tes. As for me, I would go in for the regular, unpunctual, hot, cold, dusty, rainy, unromantic, unsafe *Rail Road.*

Ned Tes. It's lucky the corporations can take *a little railing* without taking *offence.*

Sen. If they *would* take a fence and keep the cattle off the track, it would save the companies some money, and the public some lives, and would be no more than right besides, on the beasts' account. It is bad enough to take away their occupation, without subjecting them to the disagreeable surprise of finding themselves cut in two, before they begin to suspect that any thing is the matter.

Ned Tes. Out of one window of an express train, the head and forequarters of a cow may often be seen grazing; while, from the opposite one, is visible the tail brushing the flies off the odd half! However, we have always *one* motive for using the railway.

Tes. What is that, my son?

Ned Tes. A locomotive.

Tes. Pshaw! (*To Sensitive.*) This has been rather a long and laborious trial, albeit we take evidence only for one side.

Sen. Yes, and we have not come near the end of our tether yet. Not one word have we said about passports, nor custom-houses, nor banks, money matters, &c.

Tes. Well, let us dismiss them all with one general groan for the whole *tribe of officials*, and let them continue to prac-

Official appointments. Miserable *sticks* elevated to responsible *posts*.

tice their annoyances on other people, or, when all the world has become wise enough to stay at home, on each other, like vipers in a barrel, or the bores in Swedenborg's Retributory Paradise.

Sen. Most men, when they get "an appointment," seem to forget that they are hired to do the work in their office, and to imagine that they have hired the rest of the world to do what little there is requiring attention outside of it!

Tes. There they sit and mend their pens, and chat with their friends and each other, while their employer, the public, twirls its thumbs and repeats the multiplication table, to pass away the time outside!

Ned Tes. Where do those men expect to die when they go to? Their consciences will be oppressed with many

A GREAT WAIT.

The trials of social men. So shall men always suffer.

CHAPTER V.

The trials of social men. So shall men always suffer.—A fair exhibition of the *neat cattle* of society. A hard *row* to hoe.—Divisions made by *rail*lery. Schisms, not witticisms.—Music *racks* are well named: likewise, the *strains* of which they are the instruments.—Noisy pets. that might as well be trum-pets, or pet-ards, at once.—It's sometimes pleasant to be found "not at home"—never, to be *found out*.—The country tempts you away from home, and the contretemps that follow you.—It is hard to have to bring your guests *sick smiles*.—The pains of politeness. The "mould of form" that gathers on social intercourse.—An unlucky speech that doesn't admit of a-mealy-oration afterwards.—Superlative flatterers, positive flats. Som-nolence *vs.* beno-volence.—A *soar* throat is just what a singer should have to reach the high notes with.—Building-sites and other exciting sights not heretofore cited.—There's one *pathy* for all diseases, we all employ when we can get it. *Sympathy*.—A calf tied to a waggin' tongue, by a halt-er without a bitt of compunction.—De *vinculo* matrimonii.—A father, *tend*-er to his offspring.

Tes. Robinson Crusoe, indeed! No, no—*Timon* or *Diogenes*, if you will—*these* are the recluses for me—the privilege of storming and railing is all I have purchased by making my bow in drawing-rooms, and I won't part with it for a trifle.

Sen.

——————"The grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break."

Tes. Come, then, "give sorrow words."

1. In attempting to take up the poker softly, (an invalid asleep in the room,) throwing it violently down, sociably accompanied by the tongs and shovel in its fall.

2. Briskly stooping to pick up a lady's fan at the same moment when two other gentlemen are doing the same, and so making a cannon with your head against both of theirs—and this without being the happy man, after all.

A fair exhibition of the *neat cattle* of society. A hard *row* to hoe.

3. A perpetual blister—alias, a sociable next door neighbor, who has taken a violent affection for *you*, in return for your no less violent antipathy to *him*.

Tes. To *her*, if you please—I am sure that odious *Mrs. M'Call* will fairly worry me out of my life, if she stays in our neighborhood three months longer.

Ned Tes.

"Væ miseræ nimium vicina!"—VIRG.

4. A fellow who, after having obliquely applied to you for instruction upon any subject, keeps showing a restless anxiety to seem already fully informed upon it; perpetually interrupting your answer with "Yes, sir—yes, yes, I know; true, I am perfectly aware of that—O, of course!" &c.

5. Visiting a remarkably *nice lady*, who lets you discover, by the ill suppressed convulsion of her features and motions, that she considers your shoes as not sufficiently wiped, (in your passage over at least twenty mats,) that you stand too near to a darling jar, lean rather too *emphatically* against the back of your chair, &c., &c., till you begin to envy the situation of real prisoners.

6. Tearing your throat to rags in abortive efforts to call back a person who has just left you, and with whom you have forgotten to touch on one of the most important subjects which you met to discuss.

7. After having been accidentally detained on a water excursion far beyond the time you have to spare, rowing homeward, against wind and tide, with an appointment of the utmost consequence before you, which, you know, will soon be—*behind* you. Then, in plucking out your watch to see *how much* too late you shall be, jerking it over the side of the boat, and seeing it *founder* in an instant.

8. Suddenly thinking of your best argument in a debate at dinner, and, in your eagerness to state it, swallowing your wine the wrong way, and so squeaking and croaking more and more unintelligibly, with the tears running down your cheeks, till the conversation has been turned, or your antagonist has left the company:

———"in mediis conatibus, ægri
Succidimus;—non lingua valet, non corpore notæ
Sufficiunt vires—nec vox, nec verba sequuntur."*—VIRG.

9. After having left a company where you have been galled by the raillery of some wag by profession—some fellow of more bitterness than brains—

Ned Tes. A *wag* of many *tales*, with a sting to each—

To think, at your leisure, of a repartee, which, if discharged at the proper moment, would have blown him to atoms.

10. Losing your way in an argument, so as to be obliged suddenly to hold your tongue, though, an instant before, you had the whole series of your reasonings full in view, and, could you have brought them to bear upon your opponent at the proper moment, he must have been struck dead.

11. Accompanying a fond father in his attendance at his daughter's "dancing day," at a petty boarding-school.

12. After relating an excellent story, or pointed witticism, to a strange company—the frosty silence, vacant stare, with which it is received by the different auditors, of whose stupidity you had not been aware.

Tes. Yes, yes, I have been there too—you might as well crack jokes in a dormitory at the dead of night, as in certain parties—"Joco uti illo, quidem, licet—sed sicut in somno et quietibus cæteris."

Sen. By the way: praiseworthy children, in general, are a frightful bore. I boarded in a house once where there was a little girl, who was a marvel of perseverance. As to music,

* We, 'midst our strugglings, fainting powerless,
Fail—not the tongue can do its wonted task,
Nor in our frames the well-known functions serve,
Nor voice, nor will articulation come.

Music *racks* are well named: likewise, the *strains* of which they are the instruments.

she did not play—she *worked*. How she did strive and wrestle with that piano! It was a good deal the biggest, but it gave in, at last, and did not resist any more, but only complained. *I* gave in, too. I came pretty near going "right off the handle," to be numbered among the killed and wounded of the "Battle of Prague," (or its modern successor;) but I escaped—saved myself by running away at

THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

Tes. You do that girl injustice. Hers was the spirit would have made a hero succeed.

Ned Tes. And a hearer succumb.

Sen. That's very true, as far as the girl is concerned.—Poor little heavy-headed, light-bodied, bright-eyed, dark-cheeked thing! She did not live long. Unnatural education made her what she ought not to have been, and killed her when she ought not to have died. If I had been coroner, I would have given a verdict—"Died of injudicious friends."

Noisy pets, that might as well be trum-pets, or pet-ards, at once.

13. Coming in too late for a breakfast engagement, and being contemplated in silence by the rest of the company, who have done, but who think it polite to remain seated round the table, while you hastily wash down your glazed toast and butter, with drawn, vapid, cold tea—which, bad as it is, you prefer to the operose process of a fresh preparation for you.

Ned Tes. Call me what you please, but don't call me—*late to meals.*

14. Invading an humble regular family, (while quietly assembled round the dinner-table,) upon the *wrong day.* On entering the room you catch the servant in the act of removing the cloth—now to be re-laid, and slowly spread with the lukewarm ruins of the late meal, tumultuously remanded from the kitchen, half rescued as it is from the clutches of the powers below; and alternately seasoned, as you proceed, with stigmas upon every fork-full you take up, and panegyrics upon the delightful party with whom you were anxiously expected to partake it on the day before.

15. Balking a good gape, by forcing your lips close together, in order to keep it a secret from a bore, that you are yawning in your sleeve at his stupidity. Likewise: paying a long visit at the retired house of a well-meaning soul, whose only idea of entertaining you, is that of never leaving you a moment by yourself.

16. Seeing a swaggering smatterer in knowledge encircled by his levee of listeners, who blindly recognize his claim to be considered as an oracle;—perpetually and bowingly consulting him, and then patiently swallowing the response, like a bolus, without venturing to analyze it.

17. Being caught in the fact of ogling your charmer, by the person from whom you are most desirous of concealing your tender anguish.

18. On making a morning call at the house of a retired old lady, all your conversation wholly giving way to that of the *dumb* creatures who compose her parlor menagerie—parrots, macaws, cats, puppies, squirrels, monkeys, &c., &c.—which open upon you altogether at the moment of your entrance, and never cease till that of your departure:

It's sometimes pleasant to be found "not at home"—never, to be *found out.*

"At once, an universal hubbub wild
Of stunning sounds, and voices all confus'd,
With loudest vehemence assaults his ear—
And tumult, and confusion, all embroil'd,
And Discord, with a thousand various mouths!"

The good old Dowager seeming rather pleased with, so far from once attempting to silence, this horrible "strife of tongues."

19. Finding that your sagacious servant has cautiously denied you to the only person whom you ordered him to admit, and who has gone away without leaving his address; or, that he has as carefully *produced* you to the single person whom you had sworn him to exclude—OR BOTH!

20. Keeping an old engagement with foggy folks, when strongly solicited to join a party of bright ones.—Item, receiving an invitation of the latter kind on the day *after* the party has taken place.

21. Immediately after expressing to a person your sorrow at having been from home when he lately called upon you—incautiously letting out some circumstance which completely disproves your *alibi.*

Ned Tes. Too bad, indeed!—a man is never at a worse non plus than when, like poor Darius,

"*exposed* he *lies.*"

Sen. Yes, and you may proceed

"without a friend to close his eyes!"

as he looks the man who has detected him, in the face.

22. The hour before dinner, during which you sit in a solemn circle of strangers:

"Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia torrent!"*—VIRG.

* Horror, e'en silence' self appalls their souls!

The country tempts you away from home, and the contretemps that follow you.

Tes. Yes; and this when

23. *During* that hour, you are waiting for one who, on his entrance, shows you the face of *another* stranger, instead of that of your particular friend, who has been invited to meet you, but sends an excuse.

24. Endeavoring in vain to hear a person's remark, or question, addressed to you; and after repeatedly saying "I beg your pardon, sir," &c., and making him go over it again, *still* not hearing him—

"Nequicquam ingeminans, iterumque vocavit."*

and so being reduced either to look foolish, and remain quite silent, or, in your anxiety to seem to have heard him, answering altogether *à tort et à travers.*

25. The miscarriage of a letter announcing the day and hour of your visit to a friend, so that, on your arrival on horseback, after a long journey, (and this, too, from accidents on the road, late at night,) you find the family all abed; when, after an hour's bawling and knocking, you have succeeded in bringing a servant to the window, and with great difficulty convinced him that you are not a mad housebreaker, you are at length let in, and on exploring the deserted rooms, in search of warmth and refreshment, find no better entertainment than—fires raked out, empty larder, cellar locked up, no bed prepared, &c., &c.; and to conclude, no stabling for your horse, nor any public house in the place.

26. In conversation—inadvertently touching the string which you know will call forth the longest story of the flattest proser that ever droned.

27. After sincerely and heartily agreeing, with one whose kindness you much wish to conciliate, in some violent sentiment—finding, from his reply, that you have totally mistaken his meaning, and that he detests your opinion, and you his; so that, after a feeble attempt to extricate yourself, you suddenly hold your tongue:

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* ——————in vain repeating,
Again, and yet again he spake———

It is hard to have to bring your guests *sick smiles.*

"Dixit—et extemplo, (neque enim responsa dabantur
Fida satis,) sensit medios delapsus in hostes:
Obstupuit—retroque pedem, cum voce repressit."*—VIRG.

28. Living with, or even visiting, one whose feelings widely differ from your own with regard to the admission of fresh air.

Tes. Plain spoken enough, Sensitive:—you know pretty well that, upon this point, I am a mole, and you a chameleon; but I understand the hint, and so, as we have an extraordinary call for breath just now, up goes the window.

Sen. Thank you, though I am certainly innocent of the imputed insinuation.

29. After having, with much contrivance, effected an introduction between two persons whom you considered as formed to take delight in each other, discovering, before the first interview is half over, that they are *centrifugal* with respect to each other.

30. The abortive attempts which you occasionally make to seem in high spirits when you are sick, stupid and wretched; so that your mirth, like Macbeth's *Amen*, "sticks in your throat;" perceiving, moreover, that the imposture is detected.

——Or, what is almost as bad—

31. In trying to laugh at the heavy joke of a good man, but a vile jester, ("hilaris cum pondere virtus,") producing only that sort of spurious chuckle, or laborious ha! ha! which you feel must betray you, even to the worthy wag himself, though not at all of a suspicious nature; then, on being loudly asked by one of the company, "What is the joke?" being driven to confess that "you do not know"—as, in truth, you do not; having laughed gratuitously, (without hearing or taking what was said,)

* He said—and straight, from the reply unsure,
Felt him 'mid foes betray'd: amaz'd he stood,
And check'd his tongue, recoiling.

The pains of politeness. The "mould of form" that gathers on social intercourse.

merely to pleasure the old gentleman, whose smiling eye, thrown round the table at the conclusion of his speech, had levied a general tax upon the muscles of his friends.

Sen. But there is another compliment of the countenance, which costs me more still.

32. The necessity sometimes imposed on you of wringing your features into a smirk, in addressing a poltroon, who is a tiger at home, and a lamb abroad: or any other miscreant out of prison.

33. Talking with a man of iron, who hears only himself; and who, after you have knocked all his arguments on the head, one after the other, proceeds to haunt you with their *ghosts;* so that destroying the substance only brings upon you the additional trouble of laying the shadow.

34. Sitting on with a *sepulchral* party after supper, two or three hours beyond the time at which you had ordered your carriage, but with which your drunken coachman is unable to come; so that you, at last, walk home five or six miles in the rain.

35. In a large formal company, the necessity of communicating something which you are extremely desirous of keeping secret from the rest of the party, to a person so very deaf that nothing under a roar will find its way to him. Or, the dead silence which sometimes takes place in company, while you are availing yourself of the general noise of voices, to enter upon confidential subjects with your next neighbor.

Tes. I can beat both your instances.

36. Being compelled by a deaf person in a large and silent company to repeat some very washy remark three or four times over, at the highest pitch of your voice.

37. The sensation of disgust, accompanied by a peculiar giddy faintness, not to be described, and perhaps fully felt only by myself, which affects one at certain speeches, certain manners, certain modes of pronunciation, and certain samples of folly, in certain persons.

An unlucky speech that doesn't admit of a-mealy-oration afterwards.

38. Grating the sensibility, the prepossessions, the self-love, the vanity, &c., of the person to whom you are speaking, by some unguarded words, which, as soon as you have uttered them, you would die to *eat;* then, floundering and plunging deeper and deeper in your wild and confused attempts to recover yourself.

39. Going from house to house, for the purpose of soliciting contributions for a case of distress; and, with all your oratory, extorting nothing more substantial than half-muttered good wishes for the success of your charitable endeavors, though the good folks are "sorry they make a rule never to give to any whom they do not know," &c.

40. After dinner, when the charming women with whom you were sitting have withdrawn, being left exposed to a long *tete-à-tête* with a *Torpedo*—a fellow who will neither pump nor flow.

41. Being applied to, time after time, by certain easy folks with short memories, for the loan of small sums, for the avowed purpose of making purchases which you painfully refuse to *yourself*, out of economy; or for the still more provoking purpose of making presents to their friends.

Ned Tes. They want to be *let a loan*—and so do you.

42. After having said what you conceive to be a good thing, but which you fear that none of the company heard, finding yourself reduced to the horrible alternative of losing the credit of your wit, or of repeating your *bonmot*, with the risk of its having been before heard, and disapproved; and, in *this* case, with the certainty of being thought both a fool and a coxcomb.

43. When in a nervous and irritable mood—sitting with one who has an unceasing trick of swinging in his chair like a pendulum—working his foot up and down like a knife-grinder—beating with his nails or knuckles like a drummer, &c., &c.,—you being not sufficiently intimate with your tormentor to break in upon his occupations.

44. After loudly boasting of your superior skill in stirring the fire, and being requested by the lady of the house to undertake it—suddenly

extinguishing every spark, in playing off what you had announced as a chef d'œuvre of the poker.

45. Making your best bow for a supposed high compliment to yourself, which, however, you are presently petrified by discovering was either not intended at all, or intended for another.

46. Compelling yourself to take gulp after gulp of the ipecacuanha of flattery, (known to be purely self-interested,) out of regard to the feelings of some worthy friend or relation of the parasite, and whose presence restrains you from *snubbing* him.

47. Being crowed over in an argument by one whom politeness prevents you from telling that you do not answer him, merely because, from the thickness of his utterance, as well as of his head, you do not know what he says or means.

48. Being baited on all sides with entreaties to sing, when, either by nature or accident, you have no voice.

Tes. To which pray add,

49. Your feelings during and immediately after the performance of *another*, who eminently possesses every *dis*qualification for a singer.

50. After a long pause in conversation with a reserved person, to whom you are almost a stranger, re-addressing him at the same instant when he is re-addressing you—a polite and dead stop on both sides—then, after a reasonable time mutually given and taken for resuming the stifled speech, without effect, both chancing, at the same point of time, to venture again, and both as suddenly again desisting; till each is, at length, necessitated to take refuge in silent confusion.

51. To be seized with morbid and irresistible sleepiness, while in conversation with persons who have every title to your respect or veneration, and before whom

Ne "fas est obrepere somnum."*—Hor.

* "Sleep may" *not* "be allowed to steal upon you."

A *soar* throat is just what a singer should have to reach the high notes with.

52. Hearing bad grammar, bad emphasis, &c., from persons who ought to know much better, without the liberty of interfering.

53. The comfort of being kept half an hour without your hat in a drizzling rain, while attending a *button holder* to your gate.

Ned Tes. (aside to the reader.) *What is the difference between a bare head and a hair bed? A bare head flees for a shelter; a hair bed's a shelter for fleas.*

54. On an afternoon visit in the country—receiving a summons to attend a few *Cats*, (who think themselves *Kittens*,) in their evening promenade; while the enchanting girl who formed your sole attraction to the house is confined at home by a slight indisposition, which would have only rendered her additionally interesting.

55. Being drawn into an inflammatory dispute while laboring under a no less inflammatory sore throat.

56. Drawing twelfth cake with a party who have too little fancy even to *attempt* to support their characters; or, if they do attempt it, to succeed: but who bespeak these, and other Christmas frolics, just as they had bespoken the plumcake which attaches to them.

Ned Tes. Where each man, instead, *makes a cake of himself*, to the best of his ability.

57. Being destined to live with Automata—people who regulate all their thoughts, words, and actions, by the stop-watch—whom no entreaties can melt into a consent to rise before, or sit up after, a stated second—to bend to the most minute variation of the dinner hour—to light a fire before old Michaelmas day, or keep it in after Lady ditto—to read, or hear read, more, or less, than a measured number of pages at a sitting—to stay over the farce after a play, &c., &c.

Tes.

"Illa manent immota locis, neque abordine cedunt."*—VIRG.

* Fix'd they remain, nor from their order part.

Building-sites and other exciting sights not heretofore cited.

58. At a dinner-table—being placed at the bottom, while all the choicest and liveliest people are thrown to the top—*you* longing to be among them, and to join their flights of fancy, instead of grinding along, with your neighbors at the drowsy end of the table, in their broad-wheeled wagons, on the milestone road of matter-of-fact.

Tes. Not to be endured—any more than another situation not very unlike it.

59. Falling among a junto of lawyers, or physicians, or merchants, or naval captains, &c., (all, except yourself, of one profession,) who instantly and hotly begin to discuss the driest and most technical points relating to their causes, cases, speculations, battles, &c., (as the case may be,) without granting you one merciful pause of hostilities during the whole evening: rascals! but the *lawyers* are the worst, when they set about it, because they have the freest use of their tongues: I have more than once fallen into their clutches, and as often muttered between my teeth—

————"these are *Counsellors*,
That feelingly persuade what I am!"

and that is, the most miserable dog alive, till I can get out of their company.

60. Sight-seeing for a day, with an enthusiastic showman; or, being showman for a day to an enthusiastic party of sight-seers.

61. While you are attentively listening to the information or opinions of a well-stored man, being perpetually pestered by a popinjay at your elbow, who claws you away from your nourishment, and forces you to swallow his froth.

62. Feeling called on, as host, to amuse a discontented old maid, who "don't dance," (for a very good reason,) and being obliged to respond to her acrid remarks on affectation in general, though without any *open* particular application to the girls enjoying themselves all around.

Ned Tes. I know who you mean, father. Miss Ann Thropical, isn't she?

Tes. Very.

There's one *pathy* for all diseases, we all employ when we can get it. *Sympathy.*

63. The sort of anxiety about all your motions and purposes, which is shown by certain persons, with whose insinuated interrogatories you have to fence for a whole evening together.

Tes. Fence!—what, when you have not a *cudgel*, I suppose; that's *my* weapon upon such occasions.

64. Receiving the condolences of one whose manner and countenance confess, against his orders, that his heart is in a broad grin.

65. Just as you have comfortably seated yourself with a party who have met by long appointment, and who are all the favorites of each other—hearing the servant announce a person who is the favorite abomination of the whole set, yet who evidently shows, at his entrance, that he has been plotting an agreeable surprise for you.

66. At breakfast—hearing a good old lady detail, at full length, her last night's long dull dream, affording nothing more remarkable than the usual chaos of conclusions without premises, and that sort of topsyturvy, tangled account of the flattest incidents of common life which we could all give every morning, if we did not make all possible haste to forget the nonsense as soon as we have recovered our senses; but this is not all, for as soon as she has, at length, brought her idiotic narrative to an end, and you begin to breathe again, your attention is once more laid in irons, while she buckles to the *interpretation* of it in all its parts!

67. A fellow who treats you in all respects (*the fee excepted*) like his physician; unreservedly laying before you, while he is helping you at dinner, all the minutest particulars of his most revolting ailments, from the first attack down to the present moment:

"Morborum quoque te causas, et signa docebo."*—Virg.

68. Walking in a wind that cuts to the bone, with a French or German narrative companion, whose mind and body cannot move at the same time; or, in other words, who, as he gets on with his stories, thinks it

* ———— now will I rehearse
The birth and symptoms of each sore disease.

A calf tied to a waggin' tongue, by a halt-er without a bitt of compunction.

necessary, at every other sentence, to stand stock still, face about, and make you do the same; then, totally regardless of your shivering impatience to push on, refuses to stir an inch, till the whole of his endless thread is fairly wound out:

"Dixit, et adversi contra stetit ora."

Tes. "*Juvenci;*"—pray don't leave out that word; for what a *calf* must you be to stand still for him! if you'd move on he'd follow:—such a fellow, with all his love of a dead halt, would rather tell his stories at full speed than let you escape them, take my word for it.

69. After a long and animated debate with a friend, in the dark, and just as you have drawn forth all your strongest arguments, and are beginning exultingly to infer from his long silence that you have completely worsted him, and that he has not another word to say—receiving his answer in a strong, steady snore, which shows him to have been in a sweet sleep for the last quarter of an hour.

70. In a ball-room—after long sitting, in profound meditation, on the extreme edge of a form, with only one other person at the farther end, being suddenly *recalled* from your *absence* by finding that you are amusing the company with an involuntary somerset, brought on by the abrupt departure of your counterpoise; the bench (which had remained perfectly gentle, as long as it carried double) seizing the opportunity of throwing its astonished rider, without further ceremony, by furiously rearing at one end, and plunging at the other.

71. Being called in as an umpire in a matrimonial quarrel, which leaves you the choice of splitting on one of the six following rocks, viz.:—

1. *That of remaining silent*—(for which both parties hate you; each supposing that you secretly favor the other).

2. *That of pronouncing that both are in the wrong*—(for which you are, obviously, hated by both).

3. *That of insinuating that both may be in the right*—(hated again

on both sides: each being more enraged at your *contre*, than grateful for your *pour*).

4. *That of defending the lady at the expense of the gentleman*—(still hated by both; by her, for attacking her caro sposo, whom she will suffer no one to despise but herself; by him, for siding with the enemy).

5. *That of defending the gentleman at the expense of the lady*—(this case is, inversely, the same with the last).

6. *That of endeavoring to make peace, by treating the matter* "en badinage"—(for which both are far too much in earnest, as well as far too eager for victory, not to hate you most of all). The best course, perhaps, if you cannot steal away, is to be taken with a sudden and violent fit of the toothache, which may last ad libitum.

Tes. Your concluding misery takes in two parties, and should be divided between us: one moiety for you as a bachelor, and the other for me as a Benedict.

Sen. I "remember those that are in bonds, as bound with them."

Ned Tes. The bonds are like *mort-gage* bonds in some respects; but sometimes they bear no interest,—when the *principle* is all that holds them.

Sen. I can't help congratulating myself, however, since you mention it, on being the consultee in the case, and not the consultor.

Tes. Nonsense, my dear sir. You have all the pains of the quarrel, without any of the delights of making up, which follows in natural succession.

Sen. I'll dispense with them, I thank you; and sustain myself under the dispensation, since the only way to experience them is, to quarrel with one's wife, and to do that one must *have* a wife. I'm not dissipated myself, and am not anxious that my property should be. A married man's

A father, *tend*-er to his offspring.

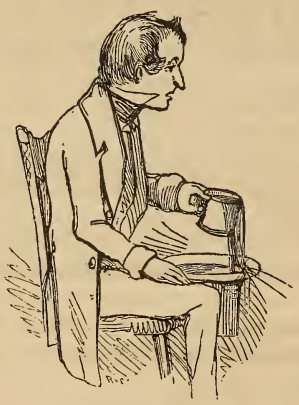
babies use up the money he earns by his labor, and destroy the rest he earns by his weariness.

Ned Tes. He has to cry "by, by," literally, to them all night, and they cry "buy, buy," figuratively, to him all day.

Sen. I say, hurrah for the bachelor! "Long may he wave," as they say of the star-spangled banner—*i. e.*, waive all claims to untried privileges. And with that sentiment we'll close, if you have got through with your budget, as I have with mine.

Tes. Well, I should *hope* we had come to the end!

Sen. As to social miseries



"THE CUP IS FULL!"

CHAPTER VI.

Library troubles. The handsomer a book is, the more it seems open to in-speck-tion.—A book *bound* to be an annoyance in some way.—Magazine literature. A magazine of litter at your disposal.—*Sealing* miseries which ought to "make the very walls cry out."—The "cacoëthes scribendi" must have been among the "*Jesta* Romanorum."—Most authors write an infamous short-hand. *Sin-copy* personified.—The printer is *author*-ized to offer the incredulous convincing *proofs*.

Sen. We have no subject booked for to-day.

Tes. Let us subject books, themselves, to our miseries. They have often enough subjected us to theirs.

Sen. Well, here we are, in the library, the very dominions of our theme, and these shelves are the very palace of the realm.

Ned Tes. There are a great many pages weight on the palace.

Sen. We should not have to look far for miseries if their services could be transferred to us, and each page *author*-ized to set down its own.

1. Reading over a passage in an author, for the hundredth time, without coming an inch nearer to the meaning of it at the last reading than at the first; then passing over it in despair, but without being able to enjoy the rest of the book, from the painful consciousness of your own real or supposed stupidity.

2. As you are reading drowsily by the fire, letting your book fall into the ashes, so as to lose your place, rumple and grime the leaves, and throw out your papers of reference; then, on rousing and recollecting yourself, finding that you do not know a syllable of what you have been winking over for the last hour.

A book *bound* to be an annoyance in some way.

3. In reading a new and interesting book, being reduced to make a paper-knife of your finger.

4. Unfolding a very complicated map in a borrowed book of value, and, notwithstanding all your care, enlarging the small rent you originally made in it, every time you open it.

Sen. Apropos of maps :—

5. Hunting on a cold scent, in a map for a place—in a book for a passage—in a variety of dictionaries for a word—thrown out at last quite at fault.

6. Reading a comedy aloud, "by particular desire," when you are half asleep, and quite stupid.

7. In attempting, at a strange house, to take down a large book from a high, crowded shelf, bringing half the library upon your nose.

8. Mining through a subject, or science, "invità (or rather *exosâ*) Minerva,"—purely from the shame of ignorance.

9. Receiving, "from the author," a book equally heavy in the literal and the figurative sense; accompanied with entreaties that you would candidly set down in writing your detailed opinions of it in all its parts.

10. Reading a borrowed book so terribly well bound, that you are obliged to peep your way through it, for fear of breaking the stitches, or the leather, if you fairly open it; and which, consequently, shuts with a spring, if left a moment to itself.

11. Yes; or, after you have long been reading the said book close by the fire, (which is not quite so ceremonious, as you are about *opening* it,) attempting in vain to *shut* it, the covers violently flapping back in a warped curve—in counteracting which you crack the leather irreparably in a dozen places.

Ned Tes. There is one way I wish some borrowed books I know of were bound.

Magazine literature. A magazine of litter at your disposal.

Sen. How is that, Ned?

Ned Tes. Homeward bound.

Sen. Ha, ha! That would be a time to keep carnival indeed.

Ned Tes. Which would not be appropriate while the books were *keeping Lent.*

Sen. That brings us by no vio*lent* transition to the next misery on the file.

12. On taking a general survey of your disordered library, for the purpose of re-arranging it—finding a variety of broken sets, and odd volumes, of valuable works, which you had supposed to be complete;—and then, after screwing up your brows upon it for an hour, finding yourself wholly unable to recollect to whom any one of the missing books has been lent, or even to guess what has become of them; and, at the same time, without having the smallest hope of ever being able to replace them. —Likewise,

13. Your pamphlets and loose printed sheets daily getting ahead, and running mountain high upon your shelves, before you have summoned courage to *tame* them, by sorting and sending them to the binder

14. As an author—those moments during which you are relieved from the fatigues of composition by finding that your memory, your intellects, your imagination, your spirits, and even the love of your subject, have all, as if with one consent, left you in the lurch.

15. In coming to that paragraph of a newspaper, for the sake of which you have bought it, finding, in *that only* spot, the paper blurred, or left white by the press.

16. Reading newspaper poetry, which, by a sort of fatality which you can neither explain nor resist, you occasionally slave through, in the midst of the utmost repugnance and disgust.

17. As you are eagerly taking up a newspaper, being yawningly told by one who has just laid it down, that "there is nothing in it;" or the said

Sealing miseries which ought to "make the very walls cry out."

paper sent for by the lender, at the moment when you are beginning to read it.

18. Having your ears invaded all the morning long, close at your study window, by the quack of ducks, and the cackle of hens, with an occasional bass accompaniment by an ass.

19. Writing a long letter, with a very hard pen, on very thin and very greasy paper, with very pale ink, to one whom you wish—I needn't say where.

20. On arriving at that part of the last volume of an enchanting novel, in which the interest is wrought up to the highest pitch—suddenly finding the remaining leaves, catastrophe and all, torn out.

21. Burning your fingers with an inch of sealing-wax; and then dropping away the dime to which you are reduced by the want of a seal.

22. In writing—neither sand, blotting paper, nor a fire, to dry your paper; so that, though in violent haste, you sit with your hands before you, at the end of every other page, till the ink thinks proper to dry of itself; or toiling your wrist, for ten minutes together, with a sand-glass that throws out two or three damp grains at a time, and, in consequence of such delay—(but this calamity deserves a separate commemoration)—

23. Losing the post; and this, when you would about as willingly lose your life.

24. Emptying the ink-glass, (by mistake for the sand-glass,) on a paper which you have just written out fairly, and then widening the mischief by applying *restive* blotting-paper.

25. Putting a wafer, of the size of a half-dollar piece, into a letter with so narrow a fold, that one half of the circle stands out in sight, and is presently smeared over the paper by your fingers in stamping the concealed half.

26. Writing on the creases of paper that has been sharply folded.

The "cacoethes scribendi" must have been among the "*Jesta* Romanorum."

27. In sealing a letter—the wax in so very melting a mood, as frequently to leave a *burning kiss* on your hand, instead of the paper; next, when you have applied the seal, and all, at last, seems over, said wax voluntarily "rendering up its trust," the moment after it has undertaken it. So much for "*Fyn sigellak; well brand, en vast houd!*"

28. Writing at the top of a very long sheet of paper, so that you either rumple and crease the lower end of it with your arm against the table, in bringing it lower down, or bruise your chest, and drive out all your breath, in stretching forward to the upper end.

Ned Tes. Long as it is, to begin with, you find it *in creases* as you go on down.

29. Straining your eyes over a book in the twilight, at the rate of about five minutes per line, before it occurs to you to order candles; and when they arrive, finding that you have totally lost the sense of what you have been reading, by the tardy operation of getting it at piecemeal.

30. Attempting to erase writing; but, in fact, only scratching holes in the paper.

31. Writing at the same rickety table with another, who employs his shoulder, elbow, and body more actively than his fingers.

32. Writing, on the coldest day in the year, in the coldest room in the house, by a fire which has sworn not to burn; and so, perpetually dropping your full pen upon your paper, out of the five icicles with which you vainly endeavor to hold it.

33. A pen that makes nothing but blots—that seems to be made solely for a medium to receive the ink from the inkstand, and scatter it over the sheet, putting it in deep mourning.

Ned Tes. A pen of a *pen-sieve* turn.

34. To drop your gold pen on the floor, and pick it up with the points curled up, so as to resemble the things the children make out of dandelion stalks, and call "rams' horns."

Most authors write an infamous short-hand. *Sin-copy* personified.

35. While writing with a pencil, to dash the point into the inkstand through absence of mind.

36. Writing with ink of about the consistency of pitch, which leaves alternately a blot and a blank.

37. Writing a long letter with one or more of the cut fingers of your right hand bundled up; or else (for more comfort) with your left hand.

Tes. The miseries of writing lead naturally to the miseries of printing, if we only knew any thing about it.

Sen. Yes; and the more miserable the former, the more the latter must have to complain of. Many an unfortunate "Jour" could tell us of poor men, whose time is their money, spending half of it in making out illegible "copy," and the other half in correcting what they had set up, because no mortal man (not even a printer) could *guess right* at the author's meaning the first time.

Ned Tes. And the foreman could tell of teaching the trade to a boy of a *pi*-ous turn; which, curiously enough, is rather conducive to profanity than piety in the teacher.

Tes. If our mass of scraps were ever to go to the printer, we had better save a place to put in what he has to say about his troubles, for he certainly would experience them all!

Sen. But what shall we attack next time?

Tes. My friend. Can we—*dare* we make what we eat and drink the subject of thought for one sitting?

Sen. Testy, pardon my weakness, but spare me this.—

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

Foolhardiness is not bravery. There are mysteries into which it is not meant that we should inquire.

The printer is *author*-ized to offer the incredulous convincing *proofs*.

Tes. Still I don't like the idea of turning back, after having marched up to the citadel. No, no; we'll enter, and do our duty without shrinking.

Ned Tes. As the boys always say to both sides in a fight,

"GO IN AND WIN."

CHAPTER VII.

Eating annoyances. The Devil sends cooks, so there's the devil to pay.—The cheap eating-house in two phases. Din or dinner.—The most thriving bug in New York, except hum-bug. An enc-roach-ment on our liberties.—The upper 10,000 *vs.* the lower 490,000 for lie-ability and reliability.—An *imported* article of *domestics*.—The brick-in-hod-and-in-hat-carrying race's aptness for *all* sorts of fabrication.—The *declension* of boarding-houses favorable to the *conjugation* of bachelors.—A moving theme. Con-fusion, i. e., a melting together.—Boarding-houses, not to be accused of un-chary-table-ness.—Efforts at carving proving rather a hindrance than a *help*.—Specimens of *gold-baring* quartz from the dough-minions of the baker.—A formal dinner. Courses that are not race-courses.—The binn, proved to be a *sell*, by the hermit that comes out.—A good roll on the carpet—*buttered side down*.—Contrariness is the *won't* of things. What's a-curd to sour your temper?—The cold chairy-teas of the world!—*Beer* miseries—that have nothing to do with the *berry-ing* that follows.—A preparation sooted to the most fastidious taste. Making a mull of it.

Sen. The Table ought to furnish good fare for our miseries to fatten and increase on.

Tes. So it would, except that it is so intimately connected with all the rest. Travelling, boarding, society, &c., all look to the universal operations of eating and drinking as opening assailable points for their efforts against the comfort of mankind. However, it is worth while to try a few, even at the risk of some repetition of miseries included under other heads. So let us devote this chapter *exclusively* to the table.

Ned Tes. It's "all a *board* that's going." By the by, the Chapter on the Table ought to be illustrated with *plates*.

Tes. (*in perfect innocence* of his son's duplicity of mean-*

* Innocence in no sense but that, however; for if Ned had had more punishment in the past, he would not have perpetrated so many punnish meanings in the present.

ings.) Yes, a good cut or steel-engraving would be very appropriate to set off the dullness of a dinner misery. But Mrs. T. ought to be here to start us off with some of the agonies of a hostess; such as seeing the appearance of her pretty and tasteful table ruined by the inopportune oversetting of a gravy-boat, &c., &c.

Sen. Even the best of us are subject to such accidents.

Ned Tes. Clergymen themselves sometimes forget the respect due to *the cloth.*

Sen. Boarding-houses should not be excluded. They are *particeps criminis* with all feeding discomforts, especially eating-houses. These belong together as naturally as mutton and turnips.

Tes. Thank heaven, the reign of both is over, as far as I am concerned, since I went to housekeeping.

Ned Tes. You are no longer under the *dine-nasty* of eating-houses——

Tes. Nor bored with another family under the same roof.

Sen. Well do I remember the time, Testy, when it was "neck or nothing" with me between a cheap eating-house, or no dinner! I have scarcely the heart to abuse them, on that account; but I can tell you how one would strike me now, without denying heartfelt and stomach-felt obligations to them in times gone by.

1. The noise is deafening. Every body is in a hurry—money-taker, carvers, waiters, and guests. Every thing is hot and smoking, waiters included, as they rush back and forth as if possessed, each bringing six, seven, or eight plates of food arranged, with complicated ingenuity, on one red hand and naked arm, while the other hand grasps twelve, fourteen, or sixteen knives and forks to match. Then when he turns back, he roars out the names of the incongruous dishes his next load is to be composed of. "Tew plates rose-beef—rose porkanonions—plumhard—bolasoop—

The most thriving bug in N. Y. except hum-bug. An enc-roach-ment on our liberties.

fried clams—Indian-both-kinds," &c. Four times have the other three places at your table been emptied and filled while you were taking your moderate meal, and twelve people have dined, orders given, food swallowed, and leavings cleared away within four feet of you!

Sen. That is a specimen of the dinner disagreeable. Now if you want one of the dinner disgusting, go in the latter part of the afternoon to the same place.

2. All is silence and solitude, reminding one of a desert rather than a dinner. The owner is reading a paper behind his money desk, the waiters are congregated in the dim distance, and the chairs are all turned up with their seats on the tables and their legs in the air. One of them is turned down for your accommodation. If there is a table-cloth, it looks like a faintly-colored map of the world. If there is none, the waiter wipes off the table with an air disgustingly *brisk*, and a damp cloth that leaves a track of its wrinkles, inevitably suggesting *hair* to the squeamish looker-on. The butter has no knife in it, but probably has had many a one during the day. It is of the consistency of mud, and some water, that was ice hours ago, surrounds it, making a perfect puddle. The knife leaves a distinctly marked continent on the map where you wipe it, and the fork has three tines and two deposits of black dust between. When the dinner arrives, the roast veal (your abomination, and the last thing they have left) is very pale, and looks decidedly unwell, though *fever* certainly is not what is the matter with it. It has no more appearance of steam than the palm of your hand; and yet it has seen a good deal of cooking in its day, if four hours of lukewarmness can be so called. You roll up your eyes in despair, and they encounter an enormous cockroach promenading the brim of your hat, as it hangs, and calmly contemplating the scene!

Tes. What a blast! The eating-houses would show but a "beggarly account of empty boxes" to-morrow, if all their customers were to see this last misery.

Sen. I am glad they will not, then; for this particular class of restaurants has some pleasant points about it. Provision is made so cheaply there for the poorest. A man

The upper 10,000 *vs.* the lower 490,000 for lie-ability and reliability.

must be very hungry whom a shilling spent there would leave unsatisfied. And, although this advantage brings there, of course, the very lowest class of *industrious* society, yet each man or boy, apprentice or journeyman, or whatever he may be, is trusted to state his own account to the clerk, and pay for it, with no check on his veracity. This is a feature that gives me real pleasure to see, as it adds one to the many proofs we have of the honesty and honor of that class of Americans, even in this great, mixed-up, corrupt city.

Tes. Well, I'm glad you find it so. For my part, I see much more of dishonesty, trickery, suspicion, and such little meannesses as we were speaking of in a former sitting, than of the proofs you mention.

Sen. Very possibly. But consider how far these are to be charged on the particular class I spoke of.

Tes. Robberies and burglaries are more common than ever, and, what is perhaps still more significant—*no arrests without rewards!*

Sen. Ah, there you attack the government, which is indefensible. Does it not rather show what a people it is, when such a government is sufficient? We'll serve *them* out some day. Just now we are otherwise occupied.

3. Changing your boarding-house, and, on the charitable recommendation of a friend, (not made in charity to *you*,) finding yourself ensconced in a high, cheap house, smelling of paint and pine, and to which the epithet "*brand-new*" is exactly appropriate. The height of the house and of the charges, however, made up for by the lowness of the people you are thrown with:—new in their business, and bringing to it exaggerated notions of the necessity of self-consideration to prevent being overreached by the "sharp Yorkers." People who start with the idea that you will try to get just as much out of their house as you can.

Tes. That is one of those ideas that bring about their own

consummation, for I should certainly try to get *myself* out as soon as possible.

Ned Tes. As soon as you had found them out, they would find you "out, and not expected back," in spite of their plans for taking you in.

Sen. Reduced gentle-folks seem the very people for that profession, just as the London Quarterly kindly hints that their daughters are *made* for governesses. Our selfishness would always be glad to find that our hosts had come down to that station rather than have them of those who had risen to it. "They are so much easier to deal with." And the sharper ones would have got out of us a great deal, that it is *generosity* to give to the others! O human nature!

Tes. Well, it is not that entirely. The under-bred ones are so intimate and familiar with the servants as to make them of little service to you, except as temper-trials. They are too smart for their business, and either answer "of course" to your directions, or else differ with you as to what is to be done. This state of mind is worse than the most stolid stupidity in a domestic.

Sen. Infinitely worse.

Tes. And that is saying a great deal, when you consider how much stupidity means in a raw immigrant.

Ned Tes. Raw specimens, indeed, but not at all *rare*.

Tes. There are four bells hanging in my kitchen, and our chambermaids, (and they are neither few nor far between—not like angels' visits in any respect, in fact,) our chambermaids, literally, *never* learn which room each bell belongs to.

Ned Tes. No matter how often they are *tolled*.

Tes. They stop at the front and back parlors, and the back bedroom, before they answer the bell of my room, which is the second floor front!

The brick-in-hod-and-in-hat-carrying race's aptness for *all* sorts of fabrication.

Ned Tes. You have had a bell made for every chamber, now you will have to have a chambermaid for every bell. *I* should like to bespeak belles for chambermaids, at the same time, in place of the hags *our* house is usually embellished with.

Tes. However, never doing any thing she is not told to, goes far toward atoning for a girl's rarely doing the thing she *is* told to. But, O Sensitive, there is one thing that dullness can neither atone for nor prevent—one art, that we most of us consider rather difficult to practice well; that even the stupidest native of a certain isle, often described as "dear" and "green," is proficient in, and plies, naturally—consistently—ingeniously—industriously—enthusiastically. As a late writer has strongly expressed it: "The whole nation, from the peer in his ermine to the peasant in his çot, *will lie.*"

Sen. I understand you. The nation referred to is prolific in patriots, pat-riots, and potatoes, and the last is the only one of their staples that ever fails. I have often thought that the harp should be scratched out from their national emblem, and a certain kindred musical instrument substituted—adding another to the queer list of heraldic puns.

Tes. That would be as unkind a cut as the one of Dean Swift's, who, as he says himself,

> "Left the little wealth he had
> To found a house for fools and mad;
> To show, by one satiric touch,
> No nation needs it half so much."

Ned Tes. But not more severe than adopting the triple-faced *sham-rock;* which insinuates that there is no subject, however hard and unpromising, but they can make a deception of.

> "Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

They find fictions—

Good ones in stones, and some in every thing.

Tes. All this, however, is aside from the subject in hand. Let us "take board" and pursue it to the death.

Ned Tes. Bored to death with a vengeance.

Tes. If there is any thing worse than boarding in an establishment just started, it is living in one just going to stop. The indifference, low spirits, and preoccupation of the people after deciding on another business, and before breaking up the old, would furnish an inmate a full excuse for suicide. I wouldn't call it insanity if I were on the jury.

Sen. I should say it indicated common sense to an *uncommon* degree.

Ned Tes. I should go for a verdict, "In sanity"—in perfect sanity.

Tes. If I wished to change the condition of the most impracticable old bachelor on earth, I would choose the month of April—no, Sensitive, *not* because it is led off by all-fools-day—that is an ill-natured bachelorism you would not venture upon if Mrs. Testy were in the room—nor yet because it is the natural mating-time for doves and other feathered bipeds, geese included; but because I could then find, in this city, five hundred boarding-houses, whose keepers had determined to try something else after the first of May. Even suppose he stands that trial, he is sure to be *moved* by May-day. If he survives the regular New York May fete ——

Ned Tes. May fate preserve him.

Tes. If he lives through the first, he will not risk the delay of a second before resolving on a change of condition. My plan would be certain to succeed. I should not despair, even of you, Sensitive, if you boarded! I should expect to see

A moving theme. Con-fusion, i. e., a melting together.

you transformed into "an industrious, hard-working man, with a large wife and family," as the newspapers say, in one season of May confusion.

Sen. May confusion seize on me, if you ever do! Ha, ha, ha! I'm not a man to give myself *heirs.* A *mènage* first and a menagerie as soon afterwards as practicable, in the regular course of nature, I suppose. No, no, Testy. You have faith to remove mountains, if you really believe what you say, and had better let it out to take the place of the Hoosac tunnel-borer. You married men are unanimous in railing against bachelorhood, because you *have not the choice* between the two states. As long as a man stays single, he has the choice between them, and no longer. *I* have liberty, discretion, freedom, in the matter. "My rights there are none to dispute."

Ned Tes. That sentence is ambiguous. *You* mean, there are none to dispute a bachelor's rights. I rather think it ought to be rendered, *a bachelor has no rights to be disputed.*

Sen. Let's change the subject. *Revenons à nos moutons,* although it is only to mutton cold, returning to boarding-houses, and to cut blocks with a razor, to try our wit on boarding-house keepers. I have boarded for years, when I was a poor clerk. Did you ever, when you were young and used to do foolish things, board in a family "that didn't take boarders?" There are a great many people—even in this plain spoken age of the world, when every thing is, or pretends to be, called by its right name, and its shortest—who "allow a limited number of their friends to become inmates of their family" for a consideration, and think themselves, in diplomatic phrase, entitled to the highest consideration.

Tes. "Make yourself at home. We treat you without ceremony, quite as one of the family." How often do I hear

that! Sometimes by way of substitute even for the cares of hospitality! I always feel like answering that I form part of no family except my own, and that I prefer being treated with a little ceremony as a guest, as I should treat them in welcoming them at my house. Make myself at home indeed! That was not what I came away from home for.

Sen. But these boarding-house people, who do not take boarders, profess to treat you as neither more nor less than one of themselves. That they live up to the first part of their professions, you need no help in finding out. Your own nerves and senses would tell you, even if the lady did not continually remind you, that they are no *more* solicitous of your comfort than of each other's; while universal experience tells us that they cannot in human nature do *as much*. To make up for the lack of that sympathy that nothing but a habitual family affection can establish—that they could not offer without it, and that you could not receive without it—all *entertainers*, whether for hire or for hospitality, ought to calculate on giving more luxuries and more personal attention.

Tes. Very true. But don't, pray, give or get the idea that it can possibly be more than tolerable at the best. The life of a boarder is not living—it's only *staying*, after all, and always will be till there arises a more sensible and practicable race of boarding-house keepers.

Ned Tes. People with fair common-sense abilities *without* common sensibilities.

Tes. Neither the boarding-house life nor the boarding-house keepers deserve the consideration you show them.

Sen. There I disagree with you. I think *they* deserve a great deal more; for—O Testy!—put all our miseries of boarding into one scale, and I can put one in the other, of

Efforts at carving proving rather a hindrance than a *help*.

half-a-dozen words, that will make them kick the beam, as if they had a personal spite against it——

4. *To be a boarding-house keeper!*

Tes. Well, let them go.

5. After having been very hungry all the morning, finding, as you sit down to an excellent dinner, that your appetite has secretly decamped.

6. On entering the dining-room, half famished, with the fullest expectation of seeing the dinner on the table—not even the cloth laid.

7. Sitting down, with a keen appetite, to a beef-steak, (and nothing else,) which proves to be completely charred by overdressing.

Tes. Confound 'em!—none of them ever attend to Macbeth's receipt for dressing a beef-steak, though by much the best that ever was given.

——————"when 'tis *done*, 'twere well
If 'twere *done quickly*."

8. In a college hall—sitting at dinner on a bench nailed to the floor, and this at such a distance from the table, (nailed down also,) that you feed in the position of a rower just beginning his stroke.

9. Slicing at a large round of beef, (near which your Evil Genius has seated you,) with a very short-bladed knife, so as inevitably to grease its handle, your fingers, and the cuff of your coat; the company, as if in a plot to drive you out of your senses, scarcely tasting of any thing else.

Ned Tes. O, a long knife for a large joint, by all means; both for nicety's sake, and because

"Fortiter et melius *magnas* plerumque SECAT *res*."

10. After forwardly offering your services in cutting up a goose, being obliged to make a practical confession, before twenty watchful witnesses, that you have no genius for carving.

Specimens of *gold-baring* quartz from the dough-minions of the baker.

11. Attempting to cut and help out cauliflower, or asparagus, with a *spoon*:—the fate of the cargo (which you had neglected to *insure*) is well known: ditto as to *jelly*, which instantly bids adieu to the spoon, and quivers like quicksilver about the cloth.

12. The spinning plate—there is but one, and you always have it.

13. Missing the way to your mouth, and drowning your breast in a bath of ice-water.

14. The moment in which you discover that you have taken in a mouthful of fat, by mistake, for turnip.

15. Finding a human hair in your mouth, which, as you slowly draw it forth, seems to lengthen ad infinitum.

16. A strong twang of tallow, or onion, in your bread and butter, at a house where decorum forbids you either to splutter or sputter.

Tes. Indeed—if a man mayn't "quarrel with his bread and butter" in this case, I don't know when he may! For my own part, whenever *mine* is flavored in this way, I don't stop to think what house I'm in, I can tell you.

17. Long after you have finished your own temperate meal, seeing the sixth or eighth plate of turtle, venison, &c., conveyed into a *living larder* immediately opposite to you.

18. Grinding on upon tough sinewy meat with *supposititious* teeth.

19. A stone lurking in your crust, which you crush with such violence as to drive out a tooth-filling and an oath at the same time.

20. Laboring at a piece of meat (corned beef in particular) with a carving-knife so blunt, that it does not penetrate above a hair's breadth in a dozen seesaws, and keeps slipping from its hold, leaving you no chance of getting a slice less than an inch thick; and this is presently returned for a thinner one, which, if you are able to cut at all, you cut only by *dividends*.

A formal dinner. Courses that are not race-courses.

21. Inviting a friend, (whom you know to be particularly fond of the dish,) to partake of a fine hare, haunch, &c., which you have endeavored to keep exactly to the critical moment, but which is no sooner brought in than the whole party, *with one nose*, order it to be taken out.

Ned Tes. It can't be helped.

22. Biting a piece of your cheek almost out, and then perpetually catching it between your teeth, during the remainder of your meal, and for a fortnight afterwards.

23. At dinner, in the dog-days—seeing several copies of the grain of the servant's thumb printed off in a hot mist upon the rim of your plate.

24. After having completely dined upon one or two things which you are not at all fond of—seeing your favorite dish, which had not been announced, brought in excellently dressed.

25. Slipping your knife suddenly and violently from off a bone—its edge first shrieking across the plate, (so as to make you hated by yourself, and the whole company,) and then driving the plate before it, and lodging all its contents—meat, gravy, melted butter, vegetables, &c., &c.—partly on your own breeches, partly on the cloth, partly on the floor, but *principally* on the lap of a charming girl who sits by you, and to whom you had been diligently endeavoring to recommend yourself.

26. At a formal dinner—the awful resting time which occasionally intervenes between the courses.

Ned Tes.

"Inde alios ineunt, *cursus* aliosque *re*-cursus—
Adversis spatiis!"—VIRG.

27. After you have long been fingering and peeling fresh walnuts, looking about in vain for some of the skins, (all swept away,) for the purpose of rubbing off the stains:—nails unusually long.

28. Dropping in upon a friend at the dinner-hour, upon the strength of his *general* invitation, and discovering, from the countenance and manner of his lady, that you'd better have waited for a *particular* one.

The binn, proved to be a *sell*, by the hermit that comes out.

29. A fish-bone, or other substance, stuck between your two hindmost teeth; then, in your endeavors to remove it with a toothpick, only wedging it tighter than ever.

30. In decanting wine—receiving a hint that it is time to stop, from the liquor, as it suddenly gurgles down the sides of the full decanter over your hands and the floor. N. B. The like effects of the like want of caution in the still more terrible instance of filling an inkstand.

31. Triumphantly producing from your cellar the last remaining bottle of some choice old wine, previously announced to your friends as the boast of the binn; but which, when decanted, shows an aspect so desperately cloudy, that no exposure to the fire can prevail upon it to brighten up.

32. On receiving and opening several hampers of precious wine, just arrived from a great distance—finding that the bottles have almost all bled to death, in consequence of quarrelling and fighting by the way.

Tes. So much for the comfort of sitting down to *dinner!* But there are *other* meals, you know: so now

"To *breakfast*, with what appetite we may."

The less the better, indeed, on the following occasion, with which I will begin:

33. To know, always, what you are to have for breakfast, by remembering what you had for dinner the day before, which your hosts do not take the trouble to hash, but serve a little warmed and much disfigured by wear and tear.

Ned Tes. "Second 'dishin'," as the newsboys would say.

34. On coming down late to a hasty breakfast—finding the last drop of water in your kettle boiling away, the toast in the ashes, and the cat just finishing the cream.

35. Making the hopeless circuit of the *herb teas*—sage balm rose-

A good roll on the carpet—*buttered side down.*

mary, &c., &c., when the doctor has laid his paw upon your tea-chest; till you are, at last, left completely bankrupt in breakfast—

Tes. As for myself, between the mischief to my nerves, if I do drink tea, and to my comfort if I do not——

Ned Tes. You may cry with Martial,

"Nec TEA-*cum* possum vivere, nec *sine* TEA."*

36. After having dealt carelessly with honey at breakfast, being hurried away, without a moment allowed for washing your hands.

Ned Tes.

"Plus aloës quam mellis habet."†—JUV.

37. In the depth of winter—trying in vain to effect a union between unsoftened butter, and the crumb of a very stale loaf, or a quite new one.

Sen. I have often wondered that neither the Inquisitors, nor the cannibal savages, when they have been *out* of tortures, have hit upon either of these.

38. Letting fall (of course on the *buttered* side) the piece of roll, or muffin, on which you had set your heart.

Ned Tes.

"hœret *lateri*—lethalis!"—VIRG.

39. As you sit at breakfast—suddenly breaking down the back of your chair, and, in a *failing* attempt to save yourself in your fall, kicking up the table—with the *comfort*, however, of preserving the tea-urn, cups, plates, &c., &c.: all of which you deliver safely into the lap of the lady of the house, who sits opposite!

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* Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te. Neither with *thee* can I live, nor without *thee*.—Bos. JOHNS.

† That savors more of the aloe than of the honey—more bitter than sweet.

Contrariness is the *won't* of things. What's a-curd to sour your temper?

40. Being roused from a reverie at breakfast, by hastily swallowing a dose of very strong tea, in which both the cream and the sugar have been forgotten.

41. Trying often to *harpoon* a floating pat of butter, which, *as* often, slips aside, or ducks and shirks under your knife; no effect but that of splashing up the water against your hand:

——————"dum te fugeret per flumina, præceps—
Excidet—aut in aquas tenues dilapsus abibit."—VIRG.

42. A teapot which *won't* pour except through the *top*—what you intend for your cup trickling down your fingers into your sleeve, and over the cloth.

43. As you are shaking a muffineer, (ditto a pepper castor at dinner,) the cover springing off—the whole contents instantly following the lively example.

Ned Tes.

——————"agmine facto,
Quâ data porta ruunt."—VIRG.

44. Weak, bad, cold, cloudy coffee, with poor milk, and but little of that. Likewise, tea made with smoke, as well as water.

45. On pouring the milk into your tea, to see it rise to the surface in small curds, while the body of the liquid remains transparent.

46. Venturing upon a small egg with a large spoon, and so feeding your chin, your neckcloth, your fingers, and the cloth; every thing, in short—but your mouth!

Ned Tes. This is "ab *ovo* usque ad *mala*," with a vengeance!—

Tes. But we have had enough of breakfasting. There remains only one meal more; and we have too often "*supp'd* full with horrors," to doubt that we shall find a few more miseries in that quarter.

Sen. At one of those miserable modern substitutes for the

The cold chairy-teas of the world!

old-fashioned tea-party, where they give every man his own cover to hold,

47. When you are fixed with a cup in one hand, and a plate in the other—to have *anything* happen; especially an irresistible inclination to sneeze come over you, which you foresee will come to a climax before you can reach the piano or mantelpiece, set down your incumbrance, and get out your handkerchief.

Ned Tes. *Lap*-tea is only fit for cats and other animals with the same unsatisfactory drinking apparatus.

Tes. Tea is not much of a meal, any way; take it off the tea-table, and it is good for nothing.

Ned Tes. Though, on the contrary, the tea-table becomes *eatable* when the T *is* taken off.

Sen. Men's knees you can scarcely call laps.

Ned Tes. They can *col-lapse* themselves if you try to impose upon them. To balance a teacup is not

A KNEES-Y TASK.

Beer miseries—that have nothing to do with the *berry-ing* that follows.

48. In eating lobster—getting *the lady*, or half-a-dozen of the *dead man's fingers*, into your mouth, before you are aware.

49. The repeated slips of a blunt oyster-knife against the palm of your left hand, as you are dislocating your right shoulder with laboring in vain at the wide end of the shell.

Tes. Very provoking, certainly—were it not that some of your oysters pretty often make you amends for the stubbornness of others, by opening of themselves! But, if you are fond of oysters, I'll give you enough of them.

50. Supping upon roasted oysters—with the snatching, and burning, and hissing, and grinning, and cluttering, that go with it—leaving you no comfort but in thinking of the moment when all will be swept away, and the water-glasses brought round.

Sen. The following I forgot to introduce among the delights of a *dinner:*

51. The *purgatorial* interval *after* you have all dined, and *before* the servants have taken every thing (particularly *themselves*) away, and finally shut the door.

Ned Tes. "Mixtis servitiis, et dissono clamore."—Tac.

52. Cracking a hard nut with your teeth, and filling the gap left by the grinder you have knocked out, with black bitter dust.

Tes. This is "worse than worst!"—more than even the demons themselves are able to bear:

> ——————"they, instead of *fruit*,
> Chew'd *bitter ashes*, which th' offended taste
> With spatt'ring noise rejected."—Milt.

53. When parched with thirst, opening your last bottle of spruce beer, and finding it so very *good*, that it first washes your face and hands, and then your walls and furniture, with the whole of its contents.

A preparation sooted to the most fastidious taste. Making a mull of it.

Sen. Nay, the *contrary* is quite as bad, viz.:

54. At the instant of drawing the cork, starting back from the eagerly expected burst of froth, but without the least occasion either for your hopes or fears—the liquor all remaining in the bottle as quiet as a lamb.

55. In preparing mulled wine for yourself and friends—after it has remained the proper time upon the fire, and just as you are taking it off, and all are rousing for the regale—seeing an *avalanche* of soot plump into the pot.

56. While you are swallowing a raspberry, discovering by its taste that you have been so unhappy as to occasion the death of a harmless insect!

57. Your tongue coming in contact with the skin of a peach.

Sen. Yes, or even the mind coming in contact with the idea!

58. Your sensations about the throat and chest, after having too hastily forced down a piece of very hard dry biscuit—just as if you were swallowing a nutmeg-grater three or four yards long.

Tes. Well, we have got through with the miseries of eating; what comes next in order?

Sen. The miseries of digesting; in real life.

Tes. Ha, ha! Very true. But those we must leave to the imagination—I'm afraid I ought to say the *memory*—of most people, with all the nauseous drugs the idea suggests.

Ned Tes.

May *I* my capacity ne'er so full fill, O,
That I have to sleep on a *Hygeian pill*-O.

CHAPTER VIII.

Miseries domestic. House-cleaning.—Houses were always coaled till the furnaces flue—to the rescue.—A lock, no key. A chimney, smoky. A carpet-clawing. A blister-drawing.—Buil Ding—a nuisance, alone; and prolific in little Bills, besides.—The city most opposed to the introduction of gas.——Spermaceti.—Trouble in a gas-tly shape—not to be made light of.—Candle miseries. There's no rest for the wick-ed.—The Augean stables. (Corruption from haw-gee-in'——being ox-stables.)—The *closing* table, (though not the last,) not of contents but of discontents.—Misfortune's dyer—*fast* colors. An over-T-urn.—Dressing-room miseries. The love of dress—what an anomaly!—Bad *habits;* the more they are *broken*, the worse they get—Rank ley in the nostrils makes rancor lie in the heart.—A brush with the bristles. The *raiser* of recollections of en-jaw-ments.—Paring and re-paring till repairing is impossible.—Pantaloons. A fit—not like a glove, but like a convulsion.—A crumb—not of comfort. The penalty of *loaf*-ing in bed.—A coat changed from a *beauty* to a *b-u-t*—for ridicule.—A *leak*—more tearful even than an onion!—Night-attacks of mosquitoes, &c., that make one regret the old "Knights in armor."—Cold weather. Nurses. (Both suggestive of Lap-land.)—After all, the worst thing about a bed is—*getting up.*—The *stamp* of ill-breeding.

1. Getting up early on a cold, gloomy morning, (quite enough already, you'll say; but that's not half of it,)—Getting up early on a cold, gloomy morning, I say, and on running down into the breakfast-room for warmth and comfort, finding chairs, tables, shovel, poker, tongs, and fender, huddled into the middle of the room—dust flying in all directions—carpet tossed backwards—floor newly washed—window wide open—beeswax, brush, and rubber, in one corner—brooms, mops, and pails, in another—and a dingy maid on her knees, before an empty grate.

Tes. There's a set of jewels for our cabinet of miseries! —all of the first water, and in the rightest order for our use!

Sen. I had myself intended to open with another of the same species; but you have struck me dumb.

Tes. Pho, pho!—let's have it; when a diamond does not come in the way, we must put up with a pearl.

Houses were always coaled till the furnaces flue—to the rescue.

Sen. Well, then, if you won't despise me:

2. Having to pass the maid as she is scouring the stairs—to which I intended to add, seeing, hearing, or guessing any thing at all of the matter, when washing and drying are going on in the house; or, what is worse still, having to duck and flap your way through lines, or rather lanes, of clammy clothes, just hung out to dry.

3. On coming into the room, frost-bitten—attempting to stir a very compact fire with a red-hot poker, which, from being worn to a thread towards the bottom, bends double at the slightest touch, without discomposing a coal.

Sen. Yes; or, on the other hand,

4. Raising them *too much*, when the grate is overcharged; and so, notwithstanding all your caution, disposing the live coals over the carpet, and among the petticoats of the ladies.

5. Feeling your arm and elbow cold; and, on looking farther into the matter, perceiving that you have long been leaning in slop, which has dabbled you to the skin.

6. Squatting plump on an unsuspected and unsuspecting cat in your chair.

7. Visiting at a house long accustomed to a furnace, where the ideas of the inhabitants (as they always do) have risen thermometrically ever since they had coal-fires; as you have still.

8. The vice versa of the above.

9. At going to bed—after having toiled, scorched, and melted yourself, in raking out a large and obstinate fire, which, at last, you seem to have effected; seeing it, as you turn round at the door, burning and roaring up far more fiercely than ever.

10. In attempting to throw up cinders—oversetting and scattering them far and wide, by dashing the edge of the shovel, as if with a violent determination, against the upper bar of the grate.

A lock, no key. A chimney, smoky. A carpet-clawing. A blister-drawing.

11. Fumbling in vain at a rusty, refractory door-lock, of which the hasp flies backwards, and there sticks; so that you are at last obliged to leave the door flapping and whining on its unoiled hinge, and fanning you into an ague—your own fury furnishing the *fever*.

12. Sitting for hours before a smoky chimney, like a Hottentot in a kraal; then, just as your sufferings seem, at last, to be at an end—puff, puff!—whiff, whiff!—again, far more furiously than ever.

13. Waking, stiff and frozen, from a long sleep in your chair by the fireside; then crouching closer and closer over the miserable embers, for want of courage to go up to bed; and so, keeping in the *cold* to be *warm!* —when you go at last, your candle flickers out in the passage, and you are left to grope your way, blundering, and breaking your shins at every step, against the balusters; every stair, too, creaking and groaning under your weight, though you tread as tenderly as possible, for fear of waking the house, consisting chiefly of invalids, whom you feel that you are rousing, one after another, from their dozes, as you pass their several doors.

14. Elbowing both your candles off the table, and then setting them up in the shape of siphons.

15. Toiling at a rotten cork with a broken screw, and so dragging it out piecemeal, except the fragments, which drop into the bottle.

16. Grinding coals or cinders into the carpet, in turning upon your heel; then, after stooping, in a frenzy, to pick up the filthy fragments, and at last walking away satisfied that you have done so; crushing fresh parcels of them in other parts, and so on.

Ned Tes. A great injury to your property, and a *grater* to your feelings.

17. After taking infinite pains to paste a drawing, or other choice thing, very nicely—seeing the paper, with all your pressing and smoothing in one part, start up in a thousand bulbous blisters in other places.

18. Just as you have finished dressing yourself more nicely than

Buil Ding—a nuisance, alone; and prolific in little Bills, besides.

usual, to receive company at dinner—creeping down into a dark, damp cellar, for wine; and unexpectedly finding, from a sudden chill about the lower part of the leg, that you are going *by water.*

19. Losing the keys of all your most private repositories; by which you suffer a double embarrassment—that you cannot, yourself, get at what you want; and that they have, probably, fallen into the hands of others, who both can and will.

20. After having ordered from town some articles of dress, furniture, ornament, &c., to be made on some particular model, which you had most solicitously explained to the workman before you went into the country—receiving it, at length, at the moment when it is most wanted, with this only drawback on your satisfaction, that it is so perversely wrong, in all possible respects, as to be absolutely useless!

21. Going on with a servant in whose honesty you have strong reasons for suspecting a *leak*, though not quite strong enough to warrant you in proceeding to a close charge, and search.

22. Beginning your residence at the country-house to which you have just removed, before the repairs are finished—with the comfort of picking your way from one ruined room to another, through fragments of peeled mortar, broken bricks, scattered axes, adzes, chisels, &c.; and, at length, being invaded in the fortress of your study, and there pursuing your meditations to the sound of hammers, files, saws, tumbling walls, &c., &c.; not to mention the manner in which you drag on your domestic existence for a long time, before half the furniture, utensils, &c., from your late house, have arrived, to wit: bed-chambers blocked up with matted trunks, bureaus, &c.; not a curtain or carpet to cover the nakedness of the sitting-rooms, &c., &c. Then for your *eating* accommodations—dinner dressed by the housemaid, with extempore spits, *en attendant* the arrival of the bonâ fide cook, and her apparatus; every dish, as it is brought in, carrying a "noli me tangere" on the face of it, and, such as it is, being served up on the kitchen table, with a set-out of crockery from the same apartment—teaspoons to the salt-cellars, or rather the egg-cups their *proxies*—a man's white knife to a child's green fork, &c., &c.; no alliance as yet formed with the butcher, baker, carrier, &c., &c.; and lastly, when your time, with all

these loads upon it, begins to hang a little heavy upon your hands, neither a clock to strike it, nor a book to kill it!—

Sen. Why, my dear sir, you seem so much in your element, while treating this particular head of unhappiness, that I feel

——————"my genius cow'd,
As Antony's was by Cæsar:"—

however, "nitor in adversum" is a noble motto. To resume, then:

23. To be startled from a nap in your chair by a dazzling blaze of light, which, on examination, proves to proceed from your candles having been each fluted down on one side by a foot and a half of lobbing wick, which, having first flooded the table, and every thing upon it, in a torrent of sperm, descends in a cataract to the carpet.

Tes. Why, there your candles have outshone mine; for I was going to say—

24. Reading or writing by one candle, and that so dim, that it would give no light, but for a fresh thief which rises in it every moment, and which perpetually calls you from your book, or letter, to poke it off:—

Sen. In doing which you find your paper always ready to receive it.

25. To find, as is inevitable, on introducing gas into your house, that your quarterly bill is an inscrutable dispensation—a mystery into which it is presumptuous to inquire. In the first place, it is about double in amount to your highest calculations. Then, though you determine on a rigid economy in its use, and a reduction in price is advertised, you very probably find the second bill rather larger than the first!

26. On being waked up by an overpowering smell of gas, about one or two in the morning: to find that the new servant has *blown out* the hall light on going to bed. General headaches next day, of course.

Trouble in a gas-tly shape—not to be made light of.

27. When you have a room-full of company, to have your gas, after a premonitory symptom or so, go out unconditionally, leaving you figuratively in the dark as to the cause and the remedy, as well as literally as to the fact. *Either* you have put too much water into the meter, *or* too little.

28. Attempting to light a taper by a hot fire—the farther off you hold it, the longer it takes to light; the nearer you hold it, the more the coals burn your fingers.

29. Ditto by a lamp chimney, where the paper gets black and smokes furiously, and seems *just* on the point of ignition, for five mortal minutes.

30. In default of a screw-driver, laboring with the back, or battering the edge, of a good knife, at a notch infamously wide and shallow; so that it slips out of its place a hundred times over, without moving the screw a hair's breadth. Likewise—

31. Hammering your own fingers, instead of a very short nail which you fumblingly hold in them—said nail, when you *do* hit it, curling at the point, instead of entering the wall; or losing its head, so that you cannot extract it: likewise, the head of the hammer violently flying off, so as to break a looking-glass, a friend's skull, &c., &c.

Ned Tes. Hitting, if any nail, the *thumb nail.*

32. Vainly hunting, a thousand times over, in every corner, crook, and cranny of the house, for something you have lost; till, at some future period, when you have long abandoned the pursuit, the truant article appears of its own accord.

Sen. Yes, but not until you have entirely ceased to want it.

33. Your watch-key having worn itself *round;* so that it amuses you with spinning, by itself, upon its square pin, of which it was once so fond, as never to think of moving without it.

Ned Tes. Horace, long before the invention of watches,

prophesied this misery very exactly, in his " mutat quadrata rotundis."

34. Finding, as you rise to take leave of a company, that you have been sitting for an hour, with half the carpet dragged up by the hind legs of your chair; or, seeing the same crime committed by another, whose awkwardness is far beyond the reach of admonition.

35. The snuffers scattering their contents over the card-table; while, in trying to remedy the affliction, you crush the black mischief into the green cloth, from which it spreads to the cards, and thence to your fingers, with the rapidity (and almost the fatality) of poison. Likewise—

36. Carrying a flat candlestick in such a manner that the snuffers (not to mention the extinguisher) tilt off, open in their fall, and scatter their contents over the carpet.

Sen. Which, although not a good conductor of heat, is a capital one of any dirt spilt upon it—spreading it all over its surface, as if by magic.

Ned Tes. A *car pet* ought to be a *good conductor.*

37. Dropping something, when you are either too lame or too lazy to get up for it; and almost breaking your ribs, and quite throwing yourself down, by stretching down to it over the arm of your chair, without reaching it at last.

38. The interval between breaking a pane of glass and the arrival of the glazier.—N. B. The aspect of the apartment (your constant sitting-room) E. N. E., and the wind setting in full from that quarter, at the crisis of the affliction; glazier a drunkard, living seven miles off.

39. Pulling at an elastic bell-rope, which you either break from the cramp, without sounding the bell, or tug repeatedly, (thinking that it does not ring, when it does,) so as to bring up a wrong servant.

40. A pair of rusty tongs, which, in opening, stick astride, so that you cannot manage them with one hand; and even when you have forced them

The Augean stables. (Corruption from haw-gee-in,—being ox-stables.)

with the help of the other, *still* will not meet at the pinching part, but let slip every coal that is at all smaller than your head. Likewise: seeing a good pair doubled and twisted by awkward handling.

41. Flapping at an expiring fire with an *asthmatic* pair of bellows.

42. Scissors that pinch, instead of cutting.

43. Bottling off liquors—and all the stooping, cork-haggling, finger-freezing, rim-hammering, bottle-breaking, stocking-slopping, nose-poisoning, &c., which you have to go through for a whole morning together.

44. Grubbing in the spoiled key-hole of your locked trunk, or drawer, with the wrong key, which you presently spoil also; and this, when it is of the utmost moment that you should instantly get at the thing wanted; no blacksmith within many miles.

45. Being told by your servant, at the beginning of a hard winter, that the coals are almost out; then, on immediately ordering in a large supply, receiving for answer, that the coals are all locked up in the river by the frost; but that, as soon as the cold weather is over, you may have any quantity you like!

46. A cupboard in the parlor in which you are making love—with the consequent perpetual intrusion of one prying servant after another, clattering among the shelves with glasses, tea things, &c.; and all this, just towards the crisis of reciprocal confessions!

47. Vainly attempting, when in great haste, to make a very hard lump of sugar melt *double tides*, by pushing and pressing it against the side of the tumbler; no effect but that of slipping off the spoon with a jerk, and splashing up the hot liquor into your own eyes.

48. Taking out your pencil on the road to make memoranda, and finding that the mineral has effectually eloped from the vegetable part of the instrument.

49. Cleansing the Augean stables; or, in other words, undertaking the labor of digesting in its proper place each of a thousand different articles,

The *closing* table, (though not the last,) not of contents but of discontents.

of as many different uses, sorts, and sizes, (books, phials, papers, fiddles, mathematical instruments, drawings, and knick-knacks without end,) which have been for weeks or months accumulating upon the tables, chairs, and shelves of your library, and which no servant is able to set to rights; so that you have been, yourself, obliged to await the tardy conjunction of activity and leisure, before you can enter upon the dreary drudgery of subduing them into arrangement.

50. At dinner—dragging the table about the room for an hour, over an uneven floor, in hopes of coaxing it to stand on more than two legs, the remaining two hanging in the air. At length, when you are nearly destroyed already by the failure of all your efforts to persuade the floor and the table to make it up and be friends, suddenly giving yourself the *coup de grace*, by one fatal straightforward shove, which shuts in the leg on the opposite side, instantly followed by a thunderclap and earthquake, as the leaf drops, together with fruit-plates, sweetmeats, strawberries and cream, &c., &c., &c., leaving you in a state of mind—but I forbear!

"Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto."

Let it suffice to say that

"Loud was the noise! aghast was every guest!
The women shriek'd, the men forsook the feast!"—DRYD.

51. Rummaging for half an hour in a disorderly tool-box for a nail or screw, which, when you have bruised and soiled your fingers to your taste, you are, at last, obliged to give up as hopeless.

52. Reposing a fatal confidence in the stability of the fender, by resting your feet upon it with a pressure inwards, as you advance your face towards the fire.

Ned Tes.

"Possint ut juvenes visere fervidi,
Multo non sine risu,
Dilapsam in cineres *face*-m."

Misfortune's dyer—*fast* colours. An over-T-urn.

53. Hearing and seeing the operation of shovelling cinders performed by a hardy and indefatigable hand—every scrape upon your ears sensibly stealing an inch from your span of life.

54. Attempting to light a candle, with its short wick so effectually crushed down and buried into the body of the tallow, that it cannot be set up; while, in stooping it to the flame of another candle, you only keep melting the grease in a stream over the table and carpet; when you have, at length, caught a precarious glimmer, it is extinguished as soon as you have crept to the door, or (what is worse) to the stairs, "nescius auræ fallacis!"—this, three or four times over. At last, to be sure, the wick attains its proper length; but, fair and softly! this advantage is purchased at the exorbitant price of seeing the well of sperm overflow its sides, and pour down a *bumper* into the socket.

55. Haggling the nails of your right hand with a pair of blunt scissors held in the left.

56. Sitting, perforce, on a high, round-bottomed stool, when the chairs are all preoccupied.

57. Discovering, as you sit down to cards with a strange party, that your hands, from having worn for the first time a pair of black gloves, are as dingy as a dyer's.

58. The handle of a *full* tea-cup coming off in your hand, as you are raising it to your mouth.

Tes. The handle of a tea-*cup!* what's *that?*

59. The handle of the tea-*urn* coming off in the *servant's* hand, as he is passing by you! and this in such a manner, that though you break its fall with your leg, you, at the same time, break your leg with its fall—to say nothing of the *contents*, which, in my own case, I did not find of a very healing nature!

Ned Tes. Why, as to oversetting the urn, father,

——————"omnium
Versatur Urna, seriùs, ocyùs,"

you know. But the poor servant must feel as if he had *urned* his bread and butter—i. e., buried his only chance of getting a living.

60. The waking up, on a sultry summer afternoon, having perversely lain down, though you *knew* how uncomfortable your nap would leave you! After repeatedly refusing to wake, because the returning consciousness was of *too* wretched discomfort, the point comes when you can delude yourself no longer. Your first feeling is as if your collar had been taken off, dipped in warm water, and stuffed back again in wrinkles under your cravat, which itself has been transformed into a steam heating-pipe to keep up the temperature of the wet rag. Your pillow has no cold spot in it, and your eyelids feel as if they were made of cotton batting. To crown all, you have an indistinct idea of having heard the tea-bell some time before, and it is too dark to tell the wash-stand from the towel-rack.

61. Endeavoring, with a brush, to coax up dust, cinders, and other abominables, from a low hearth, against a suddenly-rising ridge, which constantly keeps returning them upon your hands.

62. The machinery of the window-sash abruptly *striking work*, in consequence of the flat refusal of all its parts to act in concert any longer; the leads skulking down in their holes, far below all sight and reach—the pullies resolutely standing out against all your efforts to turn them—the cords preternaturally bowing and courtesying out of their destined perpendicular—and the sash itself, instead of cheerfully and obsequiously waiting, as usual, for your guidance, *now* rudely and furiously slapping down, without a moment's warning, with the force (if not the effect) of a guillotine; while, with all your lifting and lowering, and twitching and wheedling, you prove totally unable to compose the unhappy feuds which have thus suddenly and unaccountably broken out amongst the mechanical powers!

63. After putting on your clean shirt, finding that the two bottom buttons of the collar have *absconded;* or, that they have been ironed into two or three bits of straggling ivory: no time to change.

64. A coat tight and short in the sleeves.

Bad *habits*; the more they are *broken*, the worse they get.

65. Or pantaloons decidedly too long—suspenders stretched over your back like shoulder-braces.

66. Shaving after a frosty walk, (when the face is pimpled, skin tender, and hand tremulous,) with cold pump-water, hard brush, ropy soap, and a blunt razor. Likewise, shaving with a blister behind each of your ears.

67. Repeatedly hitching and breaking the teeth of a fine-toothed comb in the *same* tender place, the feelings of which you had already exasperated by trying to appease the itching with your nail.

Ned Tes.

"Jamque *eadem* digitis, jam pectine pulsat eburno."—VIRG.

68. After having dropped out your sleeve-button, without knowing it, rashly thrusting your hand into the arm of your coat, and so carrying the shirt-sleeve in a bunch up to the shoulder, leaving your arm raw, cold, and bare.

69. While you are waiting for a fresh supply of tooth-brushes—battering your teeth with the ivory, and pricking your gums with the bristles of your old one, completely grubbed out in the middle; its few remaining hairs starting off horizontally on all sides.

Tes. Let me finish your picture with a touch of horror that shall petrify the beholder:

70. The moment in which a misgiving comes over you, that a servant has clandestinely *assisted* you in wearing it out!

71. After sweltering for an hour, on a hot day, in an attempt to drag on a new and tight boot, being unable to get it on, for want of size; or off, for want of a boot-jack.

72. In hastily putting on your shirt, (people waiting for you at dinner,) stripping it in two; no other clean.

Ned Tes.

——"quâ se medio trudunt—tenues rumpunt tunicas."—VIRG. GEORG.

Rank ley in the nostrils makes rancor lie in the heart.

73. Vilely washed, and as vilely ironed linen, which you would not believe to have been in the tub but for the reeking evidence of rank soap or ley, by which your nose is satisfied of the fact.

74. Misbuttoning your waistcoat, (undiscovered till you have gone into company,) so that the bottom button seems sent to Coventry by the rest.

75. Tying your neckcloth vilely, when you wish to be particularly seducing, (always the case!) and only making the matter worse the longer you fumble at it.

76. On leaving the house, finding that you have lost one glove, and falsely hoping that you shall be less miserable by wearing the other single, than by going altogether bare-handed.

77. The involuntary mortification of wearing a *hair shirt*, in consequence of having inconsiderately been cropped after shifting.

78. In attempting to untie the strings of your drawers at going to bed very sleepy, dragging them into a cluster of hard knots, with your subsequent frenzy of nipping and picking at them for an hour, till your nails are sore; no knife.

Ned Tes.

"Ille simul manibus tendit divellere nodos—
Clamores simul horrendos ad sidera tollit!"—VIRG.

79. Slipping your sleeve-button through a large button-hole; or wedging it in a small one.

Sen Yes; or making ample room for your button, by breaking fairly through the hole at the weak end.

80. In dressing to dine out—your last shoe-string breaking, the wrong coat brushed, hole found in your stocking after you are dressed, &c., &c.; all this, and much more, invariably coming upon you like hail, at the moment when you are most belated.

A brush with the bristles. The *raiser* of recollections of en-jaw-ments.

81. After having broken the ice in your basin, to wash your hands—dangling them before you like a dancing bear, while you ferret about in vain for a towel.

82. In cleaning your teeth—numerous holes full of bristles falling out at once, and clogging your jaws and throat, till you are choked; then, in endeavoring to pick away with your fingers what you cannot rinse out, getting hold of only one bristle at a time:

> ——————"pilos
> Paulatim vello; et demo unum, demo et item unum,
> ——————elusus ratione ruentis acervi!"—HOR.

Ned Tes.

> "Quid te exempta juvat spinis de pluribus una?"—HOR.

83. In shaving—at the first onset, saluting your chin with a deep gash; so that, through the remainder of the operation, your face and fingers are "dabbled in blood," which enrages you by flowing faster than you can wash it away; "fluidum lavit inde cruorem—Dentibus infrendens *gemitu!*" When you have, at length, done with the razor—the new delays, (which you have to encounter, in an agony of haste,) by applying one impotent styptic after another; and, to conclude, when, after endless attempts, you seem to have finally dammed the flood, and, in that persuasion, have finished your dress, and are just leaving your chamber—"eloquar, an sileam?"—seeing it burst out afresh on your clean neckcloth!

84. Trying to lather your face with a brush like a wool-card, that excoriates your cheek, so as to make it a torture like self-immolation to get up a lather. Or,

85. With one so soft, and weak, and imbecile, that it makes itself into two ropes, and straddles your chin.

86. After having patiently and thoroughly stropped your razor, to drop it on the marble table—edge foremost, of course.

Tes. There is a song Mrs. Testy used to sing for me

before she was so called, that exemplifies the proclivity of all bodies toward falling on the wrong side. I probably do not remember the exact words, but it was something like this:

"I never had a dear gazelle,
Particularly long and wide,
But when it came to know me well,
And always on the buttered side!"

Ned Tes. How you do murder things, father! There were two songs, one of which was a parody on the other:

"I never had a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me—it was sure to die."

The parody is like unto it:

"I never had a piece of bread,
Particularly long and wide,
But fell upon the sanded floor,
And always on the buttered side!"

Tes. No matter, sir. Both are appropriate, and mine combined the beauties of both—the beauties of both, sir!

87. After a long, patient, skillful, cautious, paring at a painful corn—when you have got it down to the lowest state of attenuation, to try one foolish slice too much, and start the blood, which stops not during the whole day, but alternately soaks and hardens on your stocking, till it forms a plaster, that sticks like grim death when you want to unboot at night.

88. A fob so much too small for your watch, that, in impatiently tugging out the latter, you either turn the lining inside outwards, or bring away the chain by itself.

Pantaloons. A fit—not like a glove, but like a convulsion.

89. In dressing for dinner—your *last* clean shirt, when you have put it on, proving so dangerously damp, that, to save your life, (and what weaker motive would bring you to do it?) you throw it off, and put on the cast garment, in cold blood.

Ned Tes. It is easy to say "What must be mussed," and perhaps your shirt-bosoms come in that category.

90. Loudly bursting three or four buttons of your tight waistcoat, the fastenings of your braces, or the strings of your pantaloons behind, in fetching a deep sigh!—dead silence in the company at the moment of the melancholy explosion.

91. The two side-screws of your dressing-glass losing their power, (which happens in about a week after it has come home,) so that, with all your twisting and twirling, you can never persuade it to remain upright; but, as you sit before it, it *will* keep swinging and flapping upon your nose.

92. Pushing up your shirt-sleeves for the purpose of washing your hands, but so ineffectually, that in the midst of the operation, they fall and bag down over your wet, soapy wrists.

93. When dressing in violent haste—your braces becoming suddenly so entangled, that, after fruitlessly turning and winding them for half an hour in every possible direction, till you are raving mad, you are, at last, obliged to fasten them as you can, with the buckles inside outwards—straps twisted into hard knots, and girding and cutting your back and shoulders like spliced cords, &c.

Ned Tes.

————" centum vinctus ahenis
Post tergum nodis, fremit horridus ore cruento!"—VIRG.

94. Putting on a waistcoat which you find (too late) has lost its strings behind, so that it would take in all your family; and consequently, when you button in your coat, the bottom of the waistcoat struts out like a tent.

A crumb—not of comfort. The penalty of *loaf*-ing in bed.

95. Using a nail-brush that would serve for a *wool-card*—its bristles being in knots an inch apart, so that only two or three prickles at a time find their way under your nails, which they rake to the quick, without disturbing a particle of the *contents*.

96. Entering your watch at the wrong opening, when it instantly dives to your knee or your boot, where, for want of a lucky opportunity to extricate it, you continue to wear it.

Sen. A mere trifle, Mr. Testy ;—hear me :

97. Eating a biscuit so unguardedly, that the crumbs, or rather *crust*-ula, keep showering into your bosom; while, from the cause you have just mentioned, you are under the necessity of cherishing them next your skin, for the rest of the day—and a poor day of it you have! Apropos of which, likewise—

98. After having breakfasted in bed, to which you are confined—rolling, through the rest of the day and night, in crumbs, which are presently baked by your body into innumerable needles of crust.

99. The feelings of your teeth and gums, when you have insulted them by an over-proportion of vitriol in a tooth-powder.

100. In lathering the face, before shaving, very early in the morning, while still half asleep—gaping so suddenly as to slap the full brush into your mouth!—So much for the benefits of early rising!

Ned Tes.

"The man that's fond, precociously, of stirring, must be a spoon!"—Hood.

101. The sudden necessity of going to a shoemaker's shop, on the desperate enterprise of trying to suit yourself, extempore, with a pair of boots; then, after dragging on and off his whole stock in trade, without once approaching to the mark, being fated to shuffle, or hobble away, at last, in a pair which you seem to have stolen.

A coat changed from a *beauty* to a *b-u-t*—for ridicule.

102. After rising, in a bitter frost, and going up to the washing-stand —water frozen to the centre; to have to stand, in an ague, first till you have raised a torpid servant, then while the pump is thawed, &c.

EXPLORING EXPEDITION TO THE FROZEN REGIONS—Kane's Report.

Ned Tes. (Sufferer loq.) "Ewer like an iceberg! At least you're not at all like a *flow.*

103. Seeing the beauty of your coat, whilst yet in its prime, daily yielding to those confounded spots which come, you know not how nor when, and which no degree of care can prevent from multiplying without mercy, till it is disfigured beyond all hope of recovery.

——————"non ego *paucis*
Offendar *maculis;*"

—but to see them spread by dozens in a day—there is no enduring it!—look here, for instance—and here—and here—

Sen. Nay, Mr. Testy, this misery may be removed by sending your coat to the scourer.

A *leak*—more tearful even than an onion!

Tes. I must, I must;—[*then, rubbing it here and there with his sleeve*]—"Out, damn'd spot!—out, I say!—one!—two!—why then 'tis time to do 't!" High time, indeed:—yes—I *will* send it to the scourer's.

104. Dressing for a ball by an ill-cast looking-glass, (not knowing it to be so at the time,) and so mourning over your own unseasonable ugliness.

105. Sleeping in an ill-roofed attic story, while torrents of rain are falling all night—the leaky ceiling refreshing you as you lie, with a shower bath, filtered through the tester of your bed:

"Quam—juvat somnos, imbre juvante, sequi!"

Then, on rising, quite *braced*, in the morning, finding your stockings, neck-cloth, &c., afloat.

106. Waking in the middle of the night, in a state of raging thirst; eagerly blundering in the dark to the washing-stand; and there, after preparing, with a firm grasp, to raise a large full water-decanter to your mouth—finding it fly up in your hand, as light as emptiness can make it!

Sen. Yes; or, on the contrary,

107. Finding the broad-mouthed pitcher, which you lift to your lips on the same occasion, so *full*, that, besides amply satisfying your thirst, it, at the same time, keeps cooling your heated body, and purifying your linen, with the overplus!

108. The twofold torment inflicted by a flea—viz., first, the persecution to which he subjects you through the night; secondly, the loss of your meditated revenge in the morning, by his hocuspocus escapes—his unthought-of and incredible capers, leaps, and flings, from under your eager fingers, at the very instant when you seem in the act of—nay, to have actually annihilated him.

"Mille fugit refugitque vias; at vividus" alter
"Hæret hians; jam, jamque tenet, similisque tenenti
Increpuit—morsu elusus!"—VIRG.

Night-attacks of mosquitoes, &c., that make one regret the old "Knights in armor."

Sen. O, yes!—I am quite at home in this misery;—"intus et *in cute* novi." This little harlequin of the insect race seems, like his brother the biped, to consider his pursuers as foes "quos fallere et effugere est triumphus."

109. Getting out of bed in the morning, after having had far too much sleep.

Tes. To which I beg leave to "move as an amendment,"—or *far too little.*

110. After tossing through a restless night, in sickness, sinking at last into a doze, from which you instantly start broad awake, with the joy of thinking that you are falling asleep.

111. At a strange house—jumping into a bed which you expect, and have desired, may be *very hard;* and instantly finding yourself buried in a *valley of pap*, between two *mountains* of feathers; the night a *dog* night.

112. Scylla, or Charybdis—sleeping in damp sheets, or between the blankets.

113. The hypochondriacal impression, under which you fancy, as you lie in bed, that your fingers are each as large as a woolsack—legs of the size of church pillars—pillow bigger than the bed of Ware, &c., &c.; and all this affair seeming to grow worse and worse every moment!

Tes. A plaguy instance of Virgil's "Majorque videri!" I must own.

114. To be startled from your slumbers, all night long, by your win dows, as they bang and thump, by fits, in the wind; the floors and wainscot of your chamber, too, occasionally stretching and cracking like a ship, &c., &c.; till, at last, if you have any nerves, you go mad.

115. The shrill, tiny buzz, or whizz, of mosquitoes about your eyes, nose, and ears, through a sultry night.

Cold weather. Nurses. (Both suggestive of Lap-land.)

116. Finding that you have far, very far—very far indeed—from enough bed-clothes, as you get into bed, in a *brandy-freezing* night; housemaids all asleep hours ago.

117. Being driven from one corner of the bed to another by the sharp points of feathers, which *stand up to receive you*, on whichever side you turn.

Ned Tes.

" *Omne* tulit *punctum !*"—Hor.

Sen.

" Restless he toss'd and tumbled, to and fro,
And roll'd, and wriggled farther off, for woe !"—
Dryd. Wife of Bath.

118. Waking with the pain of finding that you are doing your best to bite your own tongue off.

119. The sheet untucked, or too short, so as to bring the legs into close intimacy with the blanket.

120. While you are confined to your bed by sickness—the humors of a *hired nurse;* who, among other attractions, likes " a drop of comfort"—leaves your door wide open—stamps about the chamber like a horse in a boat—slops you, as you lie, with scalding possets—*attacks* the fire, instead of courting it—falls asleep the moment before you want her, and then snores you down when you call to her—wakes you at the wrong hour to take your physic, and then gives you a dose of aquafortis for a *composing* draught! &c., &c., &c.

121. The flame (but not the smell) of your candle going out, as you lie sick and sleepless; leaving you, at once,

" Pertæsum thalami, tædæque."—Virg.

122. Suddenly recollecting, as you lie at a very late hour of a *Lapland* night, that you have neglected to see, as usual, that the fires are all safe below; then, after an agonizing interval of hesitation, crawling out, like a culprit, and quivering down stairs.

After all, the worst thing about a bed is—*getting up.*

Tes. This happened to me last night. O, it was a snug job, to be sure!—as to myself, I had no scruple in determining that it would have been a world pleasanter, in such a night as that, to be burnt, than frozen, to death; but as Madam, there, seemed to think she had a sort of joint interest in the question, and was not altogether satisfied with my way of deciding it; why, I e'en gave myself up to my fate.

Sen. These dressing-room and bedchamber miseries make terrible inroads on one's domestic peace and quietness. What would you say, Testy, to a valet—a private servant?

Tes. "I shall have no further occasion for your services," is what I should probably say to him, (translated into polite language,) at the end of the first day-and-a-half, or shorter time; whenever my patience was exhausted. A "gentleman's gentleman," indeed! I'd as soon think of hiring a private drummer to contribute to my peace and quietness!

Ned Tes. Or a private toot-er, to play on the fife for you, and so add to the harmony of your domestic arrangements.

Sen. To be sure; we have said almost too much about the servant nuisance already, to allow the idea that an addition to *their* number could be an alleviation to any misery in the world.

Tes. Besides, the nearer they are the more intolerable. As for a body-servant, no one bodily ailment could be compared with it.

Ned Tes. Or, as an Englishman might say, it takes two *'ills* to make a *valet.*

Sen. Well, what shall we attack next time?

Tes. We shall come to some "slough of despond," you may be sure—some ever-open trap-door, to fall through to the realms below.

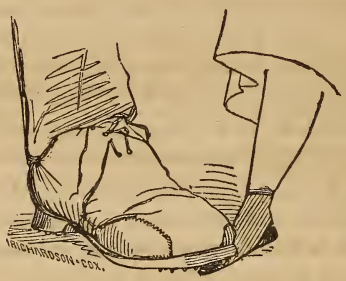
Ned Tes. To *pitch* into *Tar-tar*-us.

The *stamp* of ill-breeding.

Tes. Some patch of blackness is always to be had without searching for it; and, what's more, lots of people to defend it as a beauty-spot.

Ned Tes. We need not *scour* the earth to find its stains.

Tes. No, indeed. We may leave it to chance, and still be at no loss to continue



THE MARTYR LEG-END.

Miseries of the body. (Every one *nose*—the blows it is subject to.)

CHAPTER IX.

Miseries of the body. (Every one *nose*—the blows it is subject to.)—Ad udfortudate bad who cad *dot* prodoudce *eb* or *ed*.—If you've studied your nerves, you've *taught your*-self self-*torture*.—Amateur doctors—of a mature age too.—The game of *draughts*. Checkers—of perspiration.—*Better* let the ladies alone—or you'll surely lose!—Men's best aims are found to be *misses*,—women's to be Mrs.—Are man-tillas machines for the cultivation of the race? Harrowing thought!—Happiness destroyed by an *evil spell*.—Modern sociability. Oh Pride, thou *hell-pest* to make mankind wretched.—A carriage is like a lottery prize: never *drawn* when one wants it.—A dis-tressed damsel. The meshes ladies weave are *sometimes* labor lost.—*Part-ies* of pleasure well named. The pleasure isn't in the *meeting*.—Compassionable ugliness. (The consequences of the small pox are *to be pitted*.)—*Motes* are not defensible in eye-warfare. Beams can overcome them.

1. A villainous cold in the head—blowing your nose lustily and frequently, till you are a walking nuisance to all around you, but without any fruits, except a sharp twinging sensation in the nostrils, as the passages which you have forced open, close up again with a shrill, thin, whining whistle; not to mention the necessity of disgusting yourself and friends by pronouncing M like B, and N like D, till you are well.

Sen. Bad enough; but I have a worse, just now coming upon me:

2. Being on the bri—on the bri—on the bri—on the br—(*sneezes*)—ink of a sneeze for a quarter of an hour together; and yet, with all your gasping and sobbing, never able to compass it.

3. After over fatigue or watching—those self-invited starts, jerks, or twitches, that fly about the limbs and body, and come on with an indescribable kind of tingling, teazing, gnawing restlessness; more especially towards bed-time.

Ad udfortudate bad who cad *dot* prodoudce *eb* or *ed*.

4. Bending back the finger-nail, or even thinking of it.

5. The sensation, from the hip downwards, when your foot is fast asleep, and before the *sharp-shooting*, which you have next to expect, has yet come on.

6. Dreaming that you have a locked jaw, and seeming to wrench open your own head, in your convulsive efforts to speak or gape.

7. A dozen or two of hiccoughs in the same breath.

8. In your sick chamber—receiving a large parcel, which you expect to contain interesting books, or dainties sent for your comfort by some kind friend; and, on eagerly opening it, finding only a myriad of fresh phials, and packets of medicines; and this, too, when you thought you had done with the doctor.

9. *Pravo* vivere *naso;* i. e., a deep notch cut by an east wind under each nostril, and which you tear open afresh, every time you blow your nose.

Sen. Also—(and this is a pleasure I have soon to expect)—

10. The state of your mouth at the winding up of a tremendous cold—your lips being metamorphosed into two boiling barrels, totally disqualified for the functions of eating, speaking, laughing, gaping, whistling, and—kissing.

Sen. In short, what gives all these rheumic distresses, besides a hundred more—

11. A five-days' north-east wind.

Ned Tes. Until all with one voice (who have any voice) cry:

Cease, rude Boreas, blustridg railer,
List, ye laddsbed, all to be;
Sailors, hear a brother sailor
Sidg the dadgers of the c-(old).

Ode's dose is a bere batter of forb, by that tibe.

If you've studied your nerves, you've *taught your*-self self-*torture.*

12. To have your blood run cold, as the saying is, for that peculiar sensation of shivering chill that we all experience; some for one sound, and some for another. One man I know will trot away lustily at hearing any one crack his finger-joints. Another would as soon die by the rack as crunch a piece of loaf-sugar in his mouth. As for me, a child writing on a slate is torture; and to see, or ever to think of, a spade driven into wet gravel sets the chills going between my shoulders, whence I can watch them travel downward over the top of my knees, leaving a track of irritated pores that children call "goose-flesh," standing up like the bristles on the back of an angry hog.

13. Suddenly and violently scratching your ear, without recollecting to respect the feelings of an excruciating pimple, with which it is infested.

Sen. Yes, the "vellit aurem," without the "admonuit," is a sad mistake, indeed!

14. Battering your own knuckles, or jarring the touchy part of your elbow against the edge of the table, as if with a hearty good will.

15. After having, with great labor, succeeded in dragging on a new and very tight boot—receiving strong and incessant hints from a hornet at the bottom, that he does not like his confinement; no boot-jack at hand to second your anxiety to *relieve* him, and the poor prisoner still jerking away!

16. On standing up, and stretching yourself, after sitting long over books or papers—the sudden rush of blood to the head, and consequent giddiness and staggering, with which you are punished for your *sober excess.*

17. The ends of your finger-nails becoming rough and ragged, so as to catch and pull away the wool or threads of worsted, cotton, &c.

18. After long reclining, with every limb disposed in some peculiarly luxurious manner—to be suddenly routed from your lounge! Then, endeavoring in vain to re-establish yourself in your former posture, of which you have forgotten the particulars, though you recollect the enjoyment,

Amateur doctors—of a mature age too.

every new attempt leaving a certain void in your comfort, which nothing can supply:

——————"in ev'ry *varied posture*,
How widow'd ev'ry thought of every joy!"—YOUNG.

19. Trying in vain to tamper with an approaching fit of the cramp, by stretching out your limbs and lying as still as a mouse.

20. In sickness—the tender persecution you undergo from your female friends, while, after a restless night, you are beginning, towards the evening of the following day, to drop into a delicious doze in your chair; but which they will, on no account, suffer you to enjoy, settling it with each other that you are to be carefully shaken, and well tormented, every half-minute: one crying, "Don't go to sleep!" another, "You had better go to bed!" a third, "You'll certainly take cold!" a fourth, "You'll spoil your rest at night!" &c., &c.

Ned Tes.

——————"alterius sic
Altera poscit opem, et *conjurat amicè*."—HOR.

Tes. In the country, and under the direction of a pocket medicine-chest—

21. Laboring in vain to disentangle your medicine scales, till, after fretting, twisting and twirling, for half the morning, to no purpose, you are, at last, obliged to weigh your dose (*Tartar Emetic* or *James' Powders*) as you can, with all the strings in a Gordian knot; one scale topsyturvy, and the other turvytopsy, &c.

Sen. Yes; and this when

"If thou *tak'st* more or less, be it but so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple—nay, if the scale turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest!"—MERCH. OF VEN.

The game of *draughts*. Checkers—of perspiration.

22. The interval between the dentist's confession that your tooth will be very difficult to draw, and the commencement of the attempt.

23. Groping and stirring with a needle after a thorn in your finger, in hopes of wheedling out the peeping black atom; which, however, proves too cunning at last for you, and your needle to help you.

24. In a fireside circle—sitting with your head close to a gaping cranny, which keeps up a steady whisper full in your ear the whole evening long; a whisper, however, from which you, at least, learn something—the nature of the ear-ache!

25. Rashly confessing that you have a slight cold, in the hearing of certain elderly ladies *of the faculty*, who instantly form themselves into a consultation upon your case, and assail you with a volley of nostrums, all of which, if you would have a moment's peace, you must solemnly promise to take off before night—though well satisfied that they would retaliate, by *taking you off* before morning.

26. When in the gout—receiving the ruinous salutation of a muscular friend, (a sea captain,) who, seizing your hand in the first transports of a sudden meeting, affectionately crumbles your chalky knuckles with the gripe of a grappling iron; and then, further confirms his regard for you by greeting your tenderest toe with the stamp of a charger.

Ned Tes.

——————"recepto
Dulce mihi furere est amico!"—Hor.

27. The buzz of a struggling insect who has limed himself in your ear.

Sen. A disagreeable intrusion, without dispute; but I should think that the insect you formerly mentioned, which domiciliated itself in your *eye*, must have enraged you still more.

Ned Tes. Yes:

"Segniùs irritant animos demissa per *aures*,
Quam quæ sunt *oculis* subjecta."—Hor.

Better let the ladies alone—or you'll surely lose!

Tes. Well, well; you and Horace may settle that difficulty between you, for I cannot; though it is not for want of pretty good experience in both; for I seldom pass a day without an opportunity of comparing notes between the two; one would think I was all over eyes and ears, like Virgil's Fame. But, come, have you any more ready-misery in pocket? For my part, I find that, for the present, my memory is out.

Sen. I warrant you that Mrs. Testy, if she were here, could read us off a pretty list of feminine miseries; one that would put many of ours to shame.

Tes. Pshaw! What do women know of the woes of men, except their name?

Ned Tes. (*aside.*) He does *not* mean a pun on the name of *wo-men.*

Sen. In fact, she told me the other day that she was going to put down something of the sort.

Tes. Then I'll bet you half-a-crown she has not done it!

Sen. Done!

Tes. Ned, go and find your mother.

[*Enter* Mrs. Testy.

Mrs. Tes. There, sir. I *have* put down the miseries, and I'm particularly glad of it, because you are so nicely *put down* at the same time, and richly deserve it for your slur on the sex!

Sen. However, I bet on a certainty, which is against all the laws of sporting, so we will consider it a drawn bet, if you please, and proceed to the reading.

Ned Tes.

"Let *old Timotheus* yield the prize,
Or both divide the *crown.*"

Men's best aims are found to be *misses*,—women's to be Mrs.

Tes. Well, well, take it, then; and I give you joy of your sorrow: you may now sing, with old Burton,

"Naught so sweet as melancholy!"

And so now, Mrs. Testy, for *your* miseries, if you please; and let us hear

——————"furens quid foemina possit."

Mrs. Tes. Yes, I can

"answer thee in sighs
With all thy woes, and count out tear for tear."

You must take them as they come, gentlemen; for I had not time to throw them into any order.

28. After having invited a friend (who has things very nicely at home) to come and try some of *your* waffles, or *your* tea-biscuit, or something of that sort; to have them come on the tea-table greatly inferior to the worst former experience.

29. Having invited company socially for the evening, to have the refreshments arrive with some paltry excuses, just as the last guest is leaving the door.

30. To discover, at a dinner-party, that your terrapin soup twangs more decidedly of turpentine soap than can be accounted for in any other way than that yesterday was washing-day.

31. At your first meal, on the first day of your housekeeping, to be startled by a fearful crash of glass and china, that admonishes you of the mutability of human affairs in general, and the evanescent nature of your elegant set of china in particular.

Ned Tes. While you breakfast, the plates *break faster;* or a din coming up the kitchen stairs that suggests a *dinner* tumbling down them.

Are man-tillas machines for the cultivation of the race? Harrowing thought!

32. To have a handsome lamp dropped on a handsome carpet, when it is hard to say which destruction is most complete.

33. To sit for two hours, entirely dressed, waiting for a carriage, in which you were to call for a friend.

34. Taking the opportunity to call on a tedious acquaintance, when you are sure, from having not long before passed her in the street, that you will have the felicity of leaving a card; to find that she has just returned, and is *so* happy not to have missed you!

Ned Tes. Your Mc Inations, as Yellowplush would say, brought to naught.

35. Being comfortably settled for a quiet domestic evening, during which one of the family is to read the last number of Dickens' new novel, to be invaded by a prosy bore, who is full of self-gratulation at having found you at home—having come on a rainy evening on purpose, &c.; to all which you feel obliged to respond cordially, though hating yourself for your duplicity.

36. On sitting down to sing—to find the piano so very much out of tune that you are continually thinking you are playing false, which opinion your audience shares with you, *without* finding out that they are mistaken.

37. While engaged in an animated conversation, to arrive suddenly at the unavoidable conclusion that your hair is coming down, and that it will arrange itself down your back *à la* tragedy queen on the slightest movement.

38. To be obliged to make an ignominious retreat from a promenade, to repair damages sustained by your lace dress from some intruding foot.

39. While congratulating yourself on the possession of a new-fashioned mantilla, just received from Paris, to have it borrowed by some tasteless creature for a pattern; to be reproduced, you are sure, in some hideous color and fabric.

Happiness destroyed by an *evil spell.*

40. To sleep through a serenade, and to hear it discussed by others with the reflection that you had a bouquet in the parlor, with which you would have been delighted to have rewarded the performers.

41. To receive a letter from a friend in the country, full of commissions of so precise and exacting a nature, that you know it will take you all over the city, and several days, to give even moderate *dissatisfaction.*

Ned Tes. Your friend is, of course, anxious to have her things in the most severely *chased* style.

42. To be reminded that it is the first of April, by discovering a label with an inscription, pinned to your shawl behind, or that you are carrying one end of a string, the other end of which is supported by a small but active kite.

43. Having promised to assist a friend by playing at a musical soirée, to have a professional musician perform your only prepared piece before your turn comes—*or after.*

44. Receiving a bouquet, anonymously, as you suppose; and, after displaying it to the family, to discover a note appended, which proves it to belong to your next-door neighbor.

45. At the opera or a new spectacle—to have your opera-glass borrowed of you by people who have no claim for such accommodation—always kept until you ask for it, and always borrowed again as soon as you happen to let it down or change hands.

46. To have some kindly-intentioned friend, who has offered to assist you in writing invitations for a large party, date all hers "Teusday" or "Wensday," you not discovering this till you see one afterwards in a card-basket.

47. Going to a party on a different day from the one for which you were invited—*especially a fancy ball.*

48. On breaking up housekeeping, to send some things to a friend to

keep for you, and to receive in return a note, thanking you for your kind and useful presents!

49. When you are giving a small party, from which you have been obliged to leave out some of your acquaintances—to have some of the excluded call during the evening.

50. To be invited to spend a *social* evening; and, on going, timed and dressed accordingly, to arrive an hour before any one was expected, and before any one but yourself appears. Your dress is, of course, conspicuously inappropriate during the whole evening.

51. The *converse* of the above.

52. On getting out of an omnibus at the end of a shopping expedition to find that you have but four cents left. N. B. The pleasure of explaining this to the deaf driver in the presence of eleven strange gentlemen.

53. After pronouncing judgment against some article of *vertu* in possession of a friend, to find that it was intended for a present to yourself.

Ned Tes. That will *do for the present.*

54. After having invited a large party to dinner—within a few hours of their expected arrival, some of the most indispensable servants (cook in particular) seized with the influenza, smallpox, &c., when it is quite too late to look out for substitutes, or to put off the engagement.

55. While playing on the piano-forte, being obsedée by the attentions of a courteous gentleman, (quite ignorant of music,) who turns over the leaf of your music-book a dozen bars too soon, and in his zeal to be soon enough, pulls down the book on the keys, and one of the candles into your lap.

Ned Tes. It is worse to be the awkward gawk that does it. *Experto crede.*

56. If you are a single woman, with a reasonable stock of delicacy and pride—being rallied by a facetious gentleman, in a company where you are not very much known, on the subject of a *husband.*

A carriage is like a lottery prize: never *drawn* when one wants it.

57. If you are afflicted with the malady of blushing—to read in the complacent smile of a coxcomb who has accosted you, that he thinks you are *interested* in his attentions.

Ned Tes. The necessity of talking to him at all must be painful, but Ainsworth says, "Anser a goose."

58. A carriage which is of little or no use to you, because your coachman generally chooses either to be sick himself, or that his horses should be lame or his carriage at the blacksmith's; yet you are afraid to part with him, as, *unluckily*, he is a careful driver, and extremely sober, and you a great coward.

Ned Tes. He represents the carriage-wheels as *being tired*, when he desires repose for himself. By the by, speaking of carriages, why needn't a good-natured dog's tail be a foot long?

Sen. Couldn't tell, I'm sure.

Ned Tes. It needn't be *a-foot* long, because it *keeps a-waggin'*.

Tes. (*sternly.*) Mrs. Testy, proceed, if you please.

59. A termagant cook, who suffers neither yourself nor your servants to have a moment's peace—yet, as she is an excellent cook, and your husband a great epicure, you are obliged to smother your feelings, and seem both blind and deaf to all her tantrums.

60. Working, half asleep, at a beautiful piece of fine netting, in the evening—and on returning to it in the morning, discovering that you have totally ruined it.

61. Snapping your thread quite close to your work, so that you cannot join it without picking out the knot—that is, breaking two or three loops.

62. Being disappointed by a hair-dresser on a ball-night, when you have left your hair totally uncurled, in full dependence upon him: in this emergency, being obliged to accept the offered services of a kind female

A dis-tressed damsel. The meshes ladies weave are *sometimes* labor lost.

friend, who makes you an absolute fright, burning off a curl or two with the tongs; but she being much older than yourself, and of acknowledged judgment, you dare not pull it all to pieces; and if you should, you have neither time nor skill to put it to rights again.

"AE CURL FRAE MARY'S BONNY LOCKS."—(*Burns!*)

63. At a ball—being asked by two or three puppies "why you don't dance?" and asked *no more* questions, by these, or any other gentlemen, on the subject: on your return home, being pestered with examinations and cross-examinations, whether you danced—with whom you danced—why you did not dance, &c., &c.; the friend with whom you went complaining all the time of being worried *to death* with solicitations to dance the whole evening.

64. At a long table, after dinner, the eyes of the whole company drawn upon you by a loud observation that you are strikingly like Mrs.— or Miss ——, particularly when you smile.

65. The only thimble which you ever could get to fit you exactly, rolling off the table unheeded; then, crushed to death in a moment by the splay foot of a servant.

66. After having consumed three years on a piece of crochet work, which has been the wonder of the female world, leaving it, on the very day you have finished it, in the hackney coach in which you were exultingly carrying it to the friend whom you intended to surprise with it as a present; afterwards repeatedly advertising—all in vain.

Part-ies of pleasure well named. The pleasure isn't in the *meeting*.

67. Receiving the first hint that your thimble has a hole worn through it, from the needle, as it runs, head and shoulders, under the nail.

68. On retiring, after dinner, without a female companion—being requested by one of the party to permit a stupid, gawky boy of about 14 to accompany you; in this distress, you can neither have recourse to books, of which he knows nothing, nor to music, which he declares himself to hate; so that, after having extorted from him how many brothers and sisters he has, what school he goes to, and what are the games now in season, you are condemned to total silence, which is interrupted only by the squeaks of your favorite puppy or kitten, as he amuses himself by pinching and plaguing it during the remainder of the tête-à-tête.

69. At a ball—when you have set your heart on dancing with a particular favorite—at the moment when you delightedly see him advancing towards you, being briskly accosted by a conceited simpleton at your elbow, whom you cannot endure, but who obtains (because you know not in what manner to refuse) "the honor of your hand" for the evening.

70. When you are giving a party, and have just begun to have hopes that it is to be a "successful go," from the spirit of the dancing and the general hum that fills the pauses of the music—to have a few pounds of ceiling shaken down; recalling the old fashions of powdered heads and sanded floors.

Ned Tes. How mortar-fied you must all be! "Similia similibus curantur;" but no *plaster* could heal the wound in your entertainment.

Tes. For me, you might make one misery of the whole race of meetings that now go under the name of parties. The only thing tolerable I ever find about them is, the little whist table that sometimes collects in the dressing-room, with no connection with the noisy misery below, except the disturbing roar you can't entirely get rid of.

Ned Tes. In other words, you prefer the private coat-ery to the public bawl.

Compassionable ugliness. (The consequences of the small pox are *to be pitted.*)

Mrs. Tes. Well, I've come to the end of my list, though I haven't complained of the fate of us elderly ladies, who martyr-ize ourselves to matronize our daughters.

Ned Tes. Wall-flowers should not be allowed to go without *a tack.*

Tes. However, my dear, you have proved yourself tolerably unhappy for a lady.

Sen. (*bowing.*) He means, madam, for a lady who has been all her life the admiration of one sex and the envy of the other. If *you* can show such a list, what should we have to expect from some!

"'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true,"

that a little difference in the proportions of a lady's face makes an immense difference in her fate; whereas it ought to make none except as an exponent of character.

Ned Tes. A woman may be subject to having many a slight cast in her teeth, merely from having *a slight cast in her eyes.*

Sen. A fortune-teller nowadays should look not at the lines of the hand, but at the lines of the face.

Ned Tes. And the lin*ing* of the pockets.

Mrs. Tes. I thank you, Mr. Sensitive, for my sex, since we are in a position where we must be grateful for justice; and now, having done my best, you will honorably dismiss me from the service, I suppose.

Tes. With pleasure.

Sen. With pain.

Ned Tes. Scandal says that to be dis-missed is the first object of women's lives.

Sen. And scandal lies. Such sayings as that, I think,

Motes are not defensible in eye-warfare. Beams can overcome them.

must be originated by *disappointed suitors.* Let man pull the beam from his own eye before he looks for motes in the eyes of the other sex.

Ned Tes. Men can make in this case, with a better grace than usual, the invariable rejoinder (expressed or understood) to that quotation.

Sen. What answer is that, Ned?

Ned Tes. "The motes are in our eyes, and the *beams* are in the eyes of our opponents."

CHAPTER X.

Miseries miscellaneous. Who shall prescribe when doctors disagree with you?—"Any thing by way of change." More the cry now than ever.—An income to be drawn and a nincom to draw it.—Caricature portraits. (A *dayger-o'-type* naturally suggests a *libel.*)—Take Time by his forelock, and he'll retaliate on yours.—Years decline, vanity does not—except that it *declines* to own up.—If you've tarred your hair, retard the comb. A de-voted candidate.—*Making* a spectacle of oneself by *borrowing* those of a friend.—The bookmakers; a great class. "*Write away*" is an appropriate Americanism.—A clerk's not the man to *cut* a *figure.* He knows them all too well.—Mr. Testy takes the rains in his own hands.—A *D*-serving youth, with a *D*-sire to please.—The race of beggars. (A hand-i'-cap race.)—Resignation is a virtue—that office-holders are loth to practice.—The Tea-room. More-tea-fication of the flesh agrees with aldermanic *corporations.*—The pavior who *cobbles* half the street and *blocks* the whole.—We're in the reforming vein. Our efforts are probably in vain too.—Ice calls for *slippers* as naturally as water does for *pumps.*—*Sick* transit: from the odor of flowery buds to that of Bowery floods.—*Path*-ological researches. Has our work any mission but dismission? Plans. An outline of the forces—a mere shell, having no colonel.—All appears to *be dished:* or, what's equivalent, be-*trayed.*—The greatest misery of all for the reader—the end.

Sen. I'll tell you what is a curious sort of a misery, but nevertheless a genuine one, as mankind is constituted.

1. A doctor who persists in telling you that there is nothing the matter with you, instead of giving you medicine suited to the importance *you* think attaches to your ailments.

Ned Tes. Or one who always reiterates the same word, which would be equally appropriate if the complaint were red hair!

Sen. What word is that, Ned?

Ned Tes. Diet.

2. To see a slight acquaintance approaching at a distance, as you walk along an empty sidewalk, whom you know you must bow to when you meet, and not before.

"Any thing by way of change." More the cry now than ever.

3. To have a new, fashionable acquaintance look full round at you, to see who it was whistling so elaborately behind him!

Sen. The awkwardness and uncertainty whether to bite off your tune in the middle of a bar, or go on with a painful effort at indifference, is *agonizing*.

Ned Tes. The first, certainly. Don't throw the *cloak* of hypocrisy over the *breaches* of good manners.

4. Laboring in vain to *do up* a parcel with scanty, weak, bursting paper, and thin, short, rotten string.

5. Receiving a quantity of thin sixpences in change at a shop, and striving to pick up the separate pieces against the rim, or ridge of the counter, but with such cruelly short nails, and in such violent haste, that you barely raise the edge of the coin, so as to cut and gall the quick of your fingers, from which the piece drops flat every time.

6. After the first or prelusive squall of a fractious brat, which you had taken in your arms to please its mother—the horrible pause during which you perceive that it is collecting breath to burst out with a fresh and recruited scream, that is to thrill through your marrow; yet you know that, strange to say, if you throttle *it*, the law will throttle *you!*

7. The necessity of sending a verbal message of the utmost consequence, by an ass who, you plainly perceive, will forget (or rather has already forgotten) every word you have been saying.

8. Your snuff-box shutting ill—or rather, not shutting at all; so that you carry the snuff and the box, *separately*, in your pocket.

9. The dead silence of your capricious watch, when you are anxiously listening for its tick.

10. The moment of recollecting that you have sent a letter, *unsealed*, containing all your most profound and delicate secrets, by one who, you *know*, will pay himself for postage, by very freely participating in your confidence.

An income to be drawn and a nincom to draw it.

11. Going about for days together with a gaping cut in your right hand, (your bad sticking-plaster immediately coming off as often as you apply it,) till it is choked with dust, as well as widened and inflamed, by rubbing against every thing. Also—

12. The process of buttoning and tying your clothes (ditto of washing your hands) when the fingers are in so maimed a condition, that fastening one button in a quarter of an hour is doing great things.

13. Going cheerily to the bank for your dividends, on leaving town, and after waiting an hour before you can be served, suddenly discovering that you must wait considerably longer—having lost your memoranda of all the names and sums upon which you are to receive!

14. In going out to sea in a fishing-boat with a delightful party, continuing desperately sick the whole time; the rest of the company quite gay and well.

15. On instituting a severe scrutiny into the state of your *hair*, from the sudden and alarming detection of a bald spot—finding yourself at least ten years *nearer to a wig* than you had at all apprehended.

16. When you are half asleep—receiving and wading through a long, dull, obscure, illegible, ungrammatical, misspelt, ill-pointed, letter of business—requiring a copious answer by the bearer.

17. In walking the streets—closely following, for above half an hour, a fellow with a heel as long as his foot, over which an inch of leather barely peeps behind; so that the foot seems, at every step, in the act of slipping out of the shoe—till you, at length, desperately wish it would happen, that the worst may be over.

Sen. I mention this misery to *you*, Mr. Testy, with hesitation, as we have been told that there are some "joys, which none but madmen know;" so are there some "miseries," which none but the nervous know: and this, I easily conceive, may be one.

Caricature portraits. (A *dagger-o'-type* naturally suggests a *libel.*)

18. After bathing—the dull, rumbling, rushing sound which continues all day long in your ears, and which all your tweaking, nuzzling, and rummaging at them, serves only to increase.

19. After having, with great difficulty, persuaded a friend to sit for his or her picture, and then feasting yourself with the thoughts of possessing a fac simile, which the great fame of the artist encouraged you to expect—receiving, after long delays, what proves to be the face of—any one but your friend!

Sen. That's nothing compared to the being so caricatured yourself, so that your friend, instead of being agreeably surprised, as you purposed, is astounded!

Ned Tes. The first's "a mere drop in the bucket," as the boy said when he fished his tooth-brush out of the slop-pail.

Sen. What say you to daguerreotypes?

Tes. One of the most valuable inventions of the age—for the checking of vanity. I like them. They don't flatter, but on the contrary they exaggerate.

Sen. They are invaluable, even in the art's present imperfect state; but the time will come when you can snap up, and petrify, a friend's face, literally "in the twinkling of an eye." For a countenance that depends on an animated expression for its charm to a friend, daguerreotypes are wofully deficient. To my own face, they have a perfectly corpse-ifying effect.

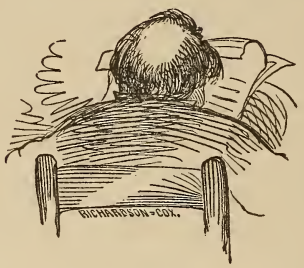
Ned Tes. En-*grave*-ings on steel they should be classed with.

Tes. How many millions there must be in the world already! No house I go into but I come across a pile of little, rough, imitation-morocco, maroon-colored cases, with ugly black countenances inside, and I always pass them by, without the first sensation of interest in them.

Ned Tes. They

"Come *like shadows*, so depart."

20. The season when you first begin to have "a realizing sense" of the approach of age, and before you get accustomed to the consciousness of having



ONE FOREHEAD TOO MANY—

ONE CHIN TOO MANY—

and a good many teeth too few.

Ned Tes. (*aside.*) I should think father must have been *forty*-fied, some years ago, against feelings of that sort.

Sen. And these manifestations seem to come in such showers when they once begin. The more of a *fast man* you

Years decline, vanity does not—except that it *declines* to own up.

have been while on the ascending grade, the faster, when you have once passed the summit, you tear down the vale of declining years and with ever-increasing reminders.

Ned Tes. (*aside.*) You "*tear down the veil,*" when you let out how much you are distressed by what all men ought to consider marks of honor.

21. Breaking a phial of asafœtida in your pocket; and then mangling, as well as poisoning, your fingers, in taking out the bits of broken glass.

22. Hiding your eyes with your hand, for a whole evening together, in vain attempts to recover a tune, or a name; said tune, &c., repeatedly flitting before you, but so rapidly as never to be fairly caught.

23. Suddenly finding out that your watch has lost two or three hours, while you have been revelling in a fool's paradise of leisure, and unconsciously outstaying your appointments, and disordering all the arrangements of the day, with nothing to have prevented you from adhering to them with perfect ease.

24. In handing a glass of wine, or some brittle article of great beauty and value, to another person—suddenly quitting your hold of it, under a *false* idea that he has taken his.—"Guess, ah, guess the rest!"

25. In pumping—the dry, wheezing hiss, and dead, thumping drop of the handle, as you keep working it, with vain hopes of water.

26. Showing the colleges, public buildings, and other remarkables of the city, for the 500th time, to a party who discover no signs of life during the whole perambulation

27. Buying a pocket-handkerchief on an emergency so pressing, that you have no time to get it hemmed; so that, before the day is half over, it is all in strings.

28. Eagerly breaking open a letter, which, from the superscription, you conclude to be from a dear and long-absent friend; and then, finding it to contain nothing but a tradesman's long bill, which, moreover, you

If you've tarred your hair, retard the comb. A de-voted candidate.

thought had been long ago discharged; but of which immediate payment is demanded in a very valiant letter, in closing the account: cash extremely low.

29. Walking fast, and far, to overtake a woman, from whose shape and air, as viewed *en derriere*, you have decided that her face is angelic; till, on eagerly turning round, as you pass her, you are petrified by a Gorgon!

Ned Tes. A dismal transition, indeed, from "O dea, certè!"—to

> ——————"remove fera monstra, tuæque
> Saxificos vultus, quæcunque ea, tolle Medusæ!"—Ovid.

30. After having bought, and paid for, some expensive article, thinking you had lost such another—unexpectedly finding the latter; then endeavoring, in vain, to persuade the iron shopkeeper to take back your purchase, and return the money.

31. Struggling through the curse of trying to disentangle your hair, when, by poking curiously about on board of ship, it has become matted with pitch or tar, far beyond all the powers of the comb.

32. Suddenly finding, safe in your pocket, three or four letters of the most pressing consequence, intrusted to your care a week or a fortnight before, by a person hardly known to you, upon the faith of your promise to put them into the post within an hour.

33. As a candidate—to be thrown out by a casting vote; and this, when your party was so strong, that many of your friends kept away, on the certainty that you would muster far more than enough without them.*

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* When Piron was defeated as a candidate for the Royal Academy, he wrote his epitaph:

> Ci gît Piron qui ne fût rien
> Pas méme Academicien!

Here lies Piron to whom, Fate never assigned his position:
A cipher he went to the tomb—not even an Academician!

Making a spectacle of oneself by *borrowing* those of a friend.

34. Inveterate huskiness coming on you at the moment of beginning to address a crowded audience, especially if they attribute your difficulty of speaking to a little too generous *treat*-ment previously.

Ned Tes. They would naturally suppose you to be *corned*, to account for your being *husky*.

35. After having long hunted in vain for a missing bank-note of $100, and just as you are in the act of accusing an honest servant, on very suspicious appearances, of having made a *perquisite* of it—suddenly spying out the last rag of its remains in the mouth and paws of a puppy, who had slyly *embezzled* it, for his own private recreation.

36. Paying the bills of blacksmiths, butchers, "et hoc genus omne," and receiving in change, notes, silver, and pence, in a condition but too strongly impressing upon your mind the truth of the adage, that "riches are but *dirt!*"

37. Learning, among other interesting communications in a letter just received from a dear friend abroad, that about a dozen of your last pacquets, on both sides, have missed their way.

Sen. The following I should address to the meagre-visaged, like myself, rather than to such a well-fed sufferer as you are, Mr. Testy:

38. The necessity of borrowing the spectacles of a moon-faced friend.

Ned Tes. Very bothering, indeed!

"Non hoc *ista* sibi TEMPUS *spectacula* poscit."—VIRG.

39. After bathing in the river—on returning to the bank for your clothes, finding that a passing thief has taken a sudden fancy to the cut of every article of your dress!

40. To find, after writing a letter of directions to your lawyer, and another to the man against whom he is conducting an important suit, that

The bookmakers; a great class. "*Write away*" is an appropriate Americanism.

you have reversed the directions, and sent the plan of the campaign to the enemy; and, what is more disagreeable, a private dispatch on the folly of litigation in general to your ally the lawyer, which you meant only for the eye of your opponent.

41. To have, for a poor relation, an industrious, deserving fellow, who knows the art of making a dollar (into a dime) in shorter time than almost any other man in the world. One of that sort of men who seem so doomed to misfortune, that if they were to become hatters, you would expect the next generation to be born without heads! Who would be sure to live for ever if they insured their lives, but die incontinently on buying an annuity!

Ned Tes. I know who you mean, father. Some one who is very fond of you, and requires continual *Testy-money* of your affection for him.

Sen. My life was mercantile for years, you know, Testy, and I have witnessed and experienced a thousand things calculated to satisfy any one, foolish enough to grub over our notes to find how much cause he has to be miserable. Now, I have a little lot of these written down, which we may as well have here as any where else, though, perhaps, it should properly have made part of the literary miseries. No one has more to do with writing than a clerk, though he has but few claims to the name of an author. His figures are not of speech. His journal is never printed, though bound before it is written. What he writes is of no value except to the owner. How many authors I know, about whose writings you need make *no* exception!

Ned Tes. The clerk keeps his books, and the publisher keeps the authors': much against his will, too, for they do not pay for their *board.*

Tes. Let's have them by all means. A good misery is never amiss.

A clerk's not the man to *cut* a *figure*. He knows them all too well.

Ned Tes. (*aside.*) If he had said that a good Miss was never a misery, (except in sporting,) he would have come nearer my ideas.

Sen. Well, here goes.

42. In making application for a situation, which it is of vital and actual importance, or, in one word, of *victual* importance, to you to secure—to have your nervousness overpower your common sense entirely, so as to feel, at the most critical moment, that you are appearing at the worst possible disadvantage. Then to have a "little" interest calculation to do, to show your *quickness* at figures. To crown all, to be asked for a specimen of your off-hand penmanship, when your hand trembles like an aspen!

Ned Tes. Making the "specimen" look as if it had been written by an *ass*-penman, I suppose.

43. Or, on the other hand, to doubt, as you go home, whether you have not been too plausible; whether you have not committed that greatest of mistakes in a clerk—talking *too much*.

44. If you are not above errand-running—to be sent long walks, repeatedly, with different messages, in the same direction, which a little considerateness and calculation in the sender would have enabled you to accomplish all at once.

45. A general carelessness in laying out your work, or an unaccountable fatality which makes each job twice as laborious as it need be; and then at night being compelled to walk two or three miles home, for lack of a sixpence to pay an omnibus fare; your walk enlivened with cogitating as to what *can* have become of your porte-monnaie!

Sen. After having, with unwonted care and expense, got up your personal appearance to a pitch gratifying to your vanity, imagine your chagrin in the following dilemma:

46. To be caught, in a storm, at the store, while your two umbrellas are at home, or vice versa. Or, worse than either, to take a long walk

Mr. Testy takes the rains in his own hands.

with a broken concern that cannot be made to stay up, except by holding one weary arm high above your head, while the dilapidated plague lets in a stream of rain-water round the handle, that runs down your hand and arm under the sleeve.

Ned Tes. If I could not dam the stream, I should be tempted to d—n the umbrella, I think.

Tes. I walked a mile the other day, with a new white hat on, under another description of umbrella. It was new, and the handle was good, and the cover was good, but they were not fast together; and the top, when I opened it, slipped off the end over the ferule, and wagged its head about—like an idiot! I never was angrier in my life! The points hung almost close together, and poked and dribbled about my head, and when I got home I found that the color had soaked out of the rascally cotton, and my hat looked as if it had been made of the skin of the Woolly Horse, after drowning him in an ocean of ink!

Ned Tes. Ink-creasing torments!

Tes. You never had any experience of the retail trade, Sensitive?

Sen. No, indeed. That is a *very* different thing. I would much rather carry bricks in a hod all day. I should have died a miserable death if it had been my fate to sell goods to some ladies I know.

Ned Tes. If your lot had been retail, you would never have lived to re-tell the tale.

47. To be interrupted in adding up a whole ledger column of figures when within four or five of the end; and then, in your rage, forgetting what you carried from the previous column, so as to be compelled to add *that* over to begin with.

48. To get down late the only morning in the week when your

employer gets down early, so as to leave him to suppose that if he always arrived at that hour he would be before you.

Sen. From subsequent experience I can give you a few specimens of the business annoyances of employers as well as employees.

49. To have an *affected* clerk—one who, for example, is ridiculously respectful and deferential, especially before strangers.

50. To have to take the shiftless, dissipated son of a friend, and then struggle on with him, though he mortifies you in every way, knowing that to turn him off would be his ruin.

Ned Tes. Looking forward to ruin the day you turn him away, even while *rue-in'* the day you took him——

Sen. Besides offending the whole family.

51. Receiving a call from a person whom you know, and who knows you, but whose name your memory, with a strange obstinacy, refuses to recall. The longer you feign perfect recognition, (in hopes of his giving you some clue, or of its flashing upon you,) the more impossible it seems to ask him. At length, you let him depart, and turn to your ledger index, and read every name from A to Z; or, if he mentions any important business matter that must be attended to, you are forced to make the mortifying declaration that you have not the slightest idea of whom you have been chatting with.

52. To have some mistaken statement of yours corrected in such a way that you know the hearer must think that the clerk is more honest than you wished him to be.

Tes. That is one of those cases where any effort to clear yourself would only show a consciousness of being suspected, and exceedingly ticklish and puzzling cases they are to treat.

53. To have your credit doubted when you are in the humor to think it a personal insult, even while you know what a fool you would think any other man who took it in the same way.

The race of beggars. (A hand-i'-cap race.)

54. To have to conduct your side of a violent quarrel on business matters in the presence of the whole posse comitatus of clerks, porters, &c. Or—

55. After having been away on such an errand, to come to the store to pour it into the sympathetic ear of your partner—especially if he is a little deaf.

Ned Tes. In that case he is only an *add-er* to your troubles.

56. The whole race of *beggars.*

O LORD—HERE'S ANOTHER!

Sen. I'm not naturally an uncharitable man, but——

Ned Tes. On the contrary, you would have liked to have *set them all on horseback.*

Sen. Ha, ha! That would better the *race*, as you would say.

Resignation is a virtue—that office-holders are loth to practice.

Tes. We have never yet carried out our intention of attacking the municipal abuses.

Sen. Well, suppose we finish by responding to a few of the loudest calls for reformers.

Ned Tes. It's a pity that class of people hadn't been *born with a caul.*

Sen. You mean the reformers, of course. The opposite class need no preservative against being *drowned!*

57. To look over the opposition papers the morning after paying your enormous city taxes, and see what an outrageous system of corruption your money has gone to sustain.

Tes. I'll be hanged, Sensitive, if it is not enough to make a man forswear the world, and retire to Coney Island for ever, to attempt to keep an eye on the New York city government! Executive—common council—police—street-sweepers—all, from the highest to the lowest—all together or all in turn—either for inefficiency or for rascality, or both—are a disgrace to the city, and deserve to be a byword for all time!

Sen. There you go, Testy. Off like a rocket, far away from us common people, and blazing away in mid air.

Tes. No, I'm not. I'm mild and moderate. The worst I could say would be flattery, compared to their deserts!

Sen. Yes, you are, and you instinctively acknowledge it, for you raise your voice higher as you go farther and farther, as a man might who was going up in a balloon, and still keeping up a conversation with the people below. Now, the fact is, I have long ago decided that the only way to get along coolly and philosophically, without bursting blood-vessels, or doing other disgusting, disagreeable things of the same sort, was to change your politics as often as the city government changed, and take only those papers that sup-

The Tea-room. More-Tea-fication of the flesh agrees with aldermanic *corporations*.

ported it through thick and thin. To be sure, I was rather puzzled this year, on account of the executive being one side, and the legislative the other; but I soon decided to subscribe for the papers that support the latter, as that needs it most, and the knowledge of the truth as to their sins would make me angriest. It circumscribed my newspaper reading terribly, and reduced me to one or two pretty hard specimens of the tribe; but, on the other hand, it has kept my state of mind benign and balmy compared to yours.

Tes. That sort of talk is all nonsense! You know very well, Sensitive, that the city government in New York is *a nuisance*.

Ned Tes. A nuisance of long standing, blue-moulded for want of *a-bating*, as the pugnacious Irishman professed himself to be when he couldn't get any body to fight him.

Tes. The police force is miserably inefficient. Rowdies abound, so that honest men can't sleep. Their hand is against every man, and no man's hand is against them!

Ned Tes. They conspire against the *rest* of the community.

Tes. The very watchmen have their own pockets picked while asleep on their posts!

Ned Tes. They are so used to *a-resting*, that they can do it with their eyes shut.

Tes. Why do the authorities fail to prevent prize fights, that every body knows of beforehand, except themselves? Why is not a stop put to boxing matches?

Ned Tes. Matches *ought* to be boxed, to prevent being scattered about and setting fire to things: in which case there is more disturbance, as the fire-engine is not necessarily a moral engine.

Tes. And in case of a fight between two companies, the police always arrive in time to arrest the spectators.

The pavior who *cobbles* half the street and *blocks* the whole.

Sen. If we lacked information in respect to the loafer nuisance, the ladies could (in the language of the sturdy and unrestrained beggary of the day)

"GIVE US A LITTLE MORE!"

Tes. That Perrine pavement, I'd—I'd—

Sen. Perrine, I confess, is an abuse that one does not have to look into the papers to see. In fact, you only have to go to them for an alleviation, in the amusement to be got from the jibes and vituperation and attacks of every sort they heap upon it. Nothing could be more magnificent than the unanimous and spirited charge of the journal squadron, unless it were the manner in which he threw himself into the centre of a *square*, and withstood it.

Ned Tes. Or the *charge* he made on the city treasury when he got through.

Sen. The amusement is something. And then consider how kind it was of the omnibus drivers to turn out a whole block, as they did for months, that their fellow-citizens might not be irritated by the sight of the unmoved inventor, that great man of brass!

Ned Tes. Colossus of *streets*, he may be called, in contradistinction to that other wonder of the world, that great man of brass, the Colossus of *Rhodes*.

Sen. No doubt but he is a man of good intentions, and

We're in the reforming vein. Our efforts are probably in vain too.

the worst we can wish him is, that he should go where they would be of most use to him as a pavior!

Ned Tes. Quousque *tandem* (and all other sorts of vehicles) abutere, O Perrina? &c. Or, what amounts to the same thing: O *Russ* quando te aspiciam?

58. When one half of the street is deep with mud, (collected in the morning, and distributed gradually by the wheels, instead of being carried away,) and the other half quite respectable—to ruin your temper and your patent leathers in crossing the muddy half, and then have your further progress nipped in the bud by being cut off by the first of a line of walking omnibuses, gradually widening and breaking into a trot toward its lower end, so as to compel a precipitate retreat over the ground just travelled.

Sen. How very Irish that plan of the street-sweepers is! There you may see them, day after day, risking their precious bones and broomsticks by insinuating their way through the crowded streets to roll up masses that are never carried away! A regular Sysiphean labor!

Ned Tes.

"I meet them on their *winding way*,"

which is only characteristic of the *Cork's crew* employed.

Sen. The streets are pretty nearly unmitigated annoyances as they are. But we shall have Russ in Urbe all over one of these days.

Tes. Even the best pavement is bad enough after a freezing rain or hail-storm. For instance—

59. To find yourself poised, both feet together——

Ned Tes. It's a bad plan to poise-on your feet, if it is at all like my school misery of poisoning my hands.

Ice calls for *slippers* as naturally as water does for *pumps*.

60. To find yourself poised, both feet together, in the midst of a glare of ice, *so* slippery that it is with the utmost difficulty and danger you can make the least effort of propulsion.

AN ICE PROSPECT.

Ned Tes. One of the modern city politicians would be the person to consult in your dilemma. Their whole lives being one continued effort to get *off-ice*, they have no lack of experience.

61. To *fall* a victim, spoiling your clothes and your temper.

Ned Tes. To the victor belong the *spoils*, not the victim; according to the politician aforesaid.

Tes. Ned, your puns are a nuisance.

Ned Tes. Begging your pardon, sir, the nuisance is in what you say; at least I find a *new sense* for every few words.

Sen. Stick to the *new scents* of the city of New York. No

Sick transit: from the odor of flowery buds to that of Bowery floods.

one need look farther, even for the greatest variety. Not even the famous city of Cologne, with its

"Eleven thousand virgins, and forty thousand"—

unpleasant odors, can vie with it. Coleridge ends his rather coarse epigram on Cologne——

Ned Tes. *Eau de* (*ous*) Cologne——

Sen.—With these lines:

"The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash the city of Cologne;
Now tell, ye nymphs, what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine!"

Ned. He does not countenance the popular idea that the Cologne water we have, is a fair sample of the Rhine after performing the city's ablutions, or that the "natural smell" of the inhabitants can be judged therefrom.

Sen. No. The anomalous origin of the most celebrated perfume in the world is to be accounted for by the old proverb, "Necessity is the mother of invention."

Ned Tes. We need seek no *father* then, I suppose.

62. To arrive in town, on a sultry summer day, by the Harlem or New Haven Railroad, after a morning ride through the sunny counties that look upon the Sound.

Ned Tes. "The breezy *sound* of incense-breathing morn."

Sen. Don't make a misquotation, Ned, even for a good pun.

Ned. The compliment reconciles me to the rebuke.

63. To arrive thus, with fastidious nostrils, and then to accompany the train "usque ad nauseam." In other words, to go down to the lower depot through the sickening smells of Centre street.

Path-ological researches. Has our work any mission but dis-mission?

Ned Tes. The *centre* on which turns—the stomach. The *scenter* of all the vicinity.

64. To have to hunt up a friend in one of the newly-settled streets of the city, where every man seems, when he moved in, to have brought the number-plate of the house he lived in before, and put it up over his door, without the remotest reference to the number his distant next neighbor may happen to show.

Tes. In other cities, where the streets are not numbered, but named, you have besides to look for the street itself, and nobody ever appears to know where it is. I undertook a job of that sort in Brooklyn, not long ago. I wanted to find Wintergreenberry street, or some such ridiculous name, and wherever I stopped I gathered a small crowd around me of people who had not the slightest idea.

65. On arriving at an unknown village, with but one numbered street, to begin at number one, to go to number five hundred, and to find when you get to the end of the street that the fools have numbered up one side and down the other, instead of the whole street along, (odd numbers one side and even the other,) and consequently 500 is nearly opposite the place you started from.

Tes. That ought rather to go into the travelling miseries, I think. In England they always do so; in Italy, all through the town, to thousands.

Sen. Leave that out, then, for we have filled up the measure of our iniquities. The cup is full. Our thousand and one nights are passed away as a tale that is——

Ned Tes.——Trod on. Say rather our thousand and one *mournings.*

Tes. Alas for the fertility of our subject, and the futility of our efforts to exhaust it! It wants but a little of our accustomed hour for breaking up, and we seem no nearer the

Plans. An outline of the forces—a mere shell, having no colonel.

limit of what we could find to put down than when we first began!

Ned Tes. The hours of the meeting are up, before the minutes are all down.

Tes. There is one thing that can hardly be classed with the little miseries of human life. But it is a "stunner," wherever it belongs, and will do for a parting gun to rake the forces of the contemners of our system.

66. To be examined and cross-examined as a witness, by what is called a "smart" lawyer!

Ned Tes. The *smart* appertains rather to the *examinee.*

Tes. Your consternation at finding your well-considered statement no more than so much putty in his hands, and that you almost begin to disbelieve it yourself! And your impotent rage at his impudent efforts to throw you out!

Ned Tes. That, no doubt, suggested to the poet the line which runs somewhat like this:

"Great mad to witness nearly is allied."

Tes. Well, now we have enlisted our army, what shall we do with them?

Sen. Do with them! Aren't we *done* with them?

Tes. Certainly not. What we have done is but little more than make a list of the forces, from the least to the greatest.

Ned Tes. A roll-call of the whole army, from Private Griefs and Corporal Ailments, up to General Ills.

Tes. Now, it remains to send it out to revolutionize the world. Sensitive, we must PUBLISH!

Sen. To what end? Not without some object. I never would put pen to paper merely for the name of having written a book.

All appears to *be dished:* or, what's equivalent, be-*trayed.*

Ned Tes. In other words, you do not ink-line to be called an author.

Sen. One question is, who would read our book if we did?

Tes. Who? Why, every body. People would buy it as they go to see a tragedy, and weep at it with the greatest delight. There is a morbid tendency in the human mind to dwell on human misery.

Ned Tes. The book should be sold at auction, if it is to supply a more-bid demand.

Sen. I don't believe in that tendency. I have a different theory from that, for the tragedy taste. I believe that the principal part of that anomaly is the unconscious satisfaction we experience in comparing the fictitious miseries with our own personal lot, and felicitating ourselves with the contrast. Now, our affair is entirely distinct from any thing of that sort. It only reminds the reader either of sorrows of his own, before understood, though not expressed, or of others all the while imminently impending over him.

Tes. At any rate, you'll agree with me, that we have established the point we set out to prove?

Sen. The fact is, Testy, to myself I have proved just the contrary. Looking over this mass of scraps, the product of our sociable and agreeable occupation, has convinced me that it needs only a little real misfortune to heal our unreal and artificial ones—that our mole-hills are only respectable from having no mountains to compare them with. I shall have to thank this episode in my life for making me, I hope, a wiser, and, in future, a happier man. Our miseries look to me like so many illustrations of the fact, that we are prone to *manufacture* unhappiness when, as in our case, the ready-made article is kept out by a tariff of prosperity—a literally *protective* system.

The greatest misery of all for the reader—the end.

Ned Tes. A real *sliding* scale—not of duties exactly, but rather of immunities from any thing of the sort.

Tes. I have not looked at one of them since it was set down. Perhaps I should laugh at them as well as you, after forgetting the impulse that conceived them.

Sen. If I did not believe that that would be the effect on the reader, as well as on the writer, I would never consent to their publication. The very intensity of the pleasure you have found as a champion combating for the cause ought to convince *you* that there is pure pleasure in action of any sort.

Ned Tes. (*aside.*) Ought a soldier to find his pleasure *in tents?*

Sen. After all, Testy, if this is a pretty hard world—

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

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